The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, *27,* Paternoster Row, London, E.C. *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* February *will be noticed in the* March *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th March, *in the* April *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

We have much pleasure in announcing that Professor Knight, of St. Andrews, is editing for publication a volume of lectures on "English Literature under the Georges," by our lamented contributor Professor Minto. Messrs. Blackwood will be the publishers.

There is to be a Kelmscott 'Shelley.' Mr. Morris has consented to print an edition of the poet's works, which will be arranged and edited by Mr. F. S. Ellis, whose edition of Keats has just been completed for press. The 'Shelley' is to be issued in three volumes, which will contain the whole of the longer works, together with most of the lyrics and other minor poems. Mr. Ellis intends to omit all the translations and comicalities (such as 'Peter Bell' and 'Swellfoot the Tyrant'), and also the fragments and unfinished work generally. These are well and rightly put into an edition which is at once literary and biographical, but are entirely out of place in one which is purely poetical, and destined for the general reader. The sweepings of a poet's note-books can never rightly be considered as his poetic work, interesting as they certainly are from a biographical and literary-history point of view.

The issue of the "English Library," which was started as a rival to the Tauchnitz series on the Continent, has been suspended, for the time at least. Many good books have been included, and Baron Tauchnitz has been put on his mettle, but the market is probably not large enough for two successful series.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to the very valuable and authoritative Report on the Book Trade from December 15th to January 15th, which will be found elsewhere, and which we hope to be able to give monthly.

Dr. Conan Doyle, who is still staying at Davos, has practically completed the MS. of a new story which some critics who have seen it think may have as large a vogue as the now famous 'Sherlock Holmes' series, though in quite a different circle.

Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. inform us that the paragraph which appeared in The Bookman of December, in which it was stated that they had bought the copyright of Dr. Conan Doyle's new historical novel, is without foundation, and we much regret that it should have been published.

Mr. Quiller-Couch has just completed a short serial which will be published at an early date in one of the illustrated monthlies, and to which he has given the title of 'The Bishop of Eucalyptus.'

Rumours have been astir of late with reference to a new literary and artistic quarterly magazine, which, it appears, is to be issued by Messrs. Elkin Mathews and John Lane, the first number appearing on April the 15th. This new-comer is to be called the *Yellow Book*, and will exactly resemble in its outward form a French novel, with a yellow and black cover designed by Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, the art editor of the review. Within, it will consist of 320 pages of matter, fiction, poetry, and criticism, but will differ from all existing reviews in that topics of the hour will be rigidly eschewed, the idea being to make of the *Yellow Book* a volume which shall be as welcome to the bookshelves ten years hence as to-day.

With this object in view, the editor will only admit such critical articles as deal with questions of permanent interest, while an attempt will be made to render the fiction the very best of its kind. It is too early for the contents of the first number to have transpired; but it will be of interest to our readers to hear that the literary editor is Mr. Henry Harland, that clever American, who has made such a success with his delicate volume of short stories, 'Mademoiselle Miss.' The illustrations, which will be numerous, will not be an accompaniment to the letterpress, but will be works of art of entirely distinct value, and will stand by themselves as separate contributions to the number. The whole thing is an entirely original idea, and as such deserves every encouragement and welcome.

The *New Review*, which with the new year has started to illustrate its pages, stands at the very antipodes of the *Yellow Book*, in that its pictures are designed to serve simply as elucidations of the text. But that this does not exclude them from being of distinct artistic merit is proved

by the admirable samples that have already appeared in the January and February numbers. We understand that among the contents of the next, or of some early number, will be an article by Mr. Egerton Castle on "Historic Duels," to be illustrated by Mr. Douglas Connah, a young artist of American birth, who has very rapidly made his way in the pages of the *Sketch* and other illustrated magazines. Mr. Connah's pictures are full of fire and spirit, and his work is likely to be in brisk demand.

Professor Driver, of Oxford, has written an article in the *Contemporary Review* for March on Professor Sayce's new work on Archæology and the Higher Criticism, published by the S.P.C.K. We believe that Professor Driver looks on Professor Sayce as, not an antagonist, but an ally, there being no single position of importance in Dr. Driver's Introduction which Mr. Sayce does not either leave untouched or positively support. The only critics named by Professor Sayce are Vernes and Havet, and his polemic is directed, not against the Higher but against the Hyper critics. It is to be noted that Professor Sayce abandons his former defence of Ezra and Esther, and adopts virtually the critical position; so also on Chronicles and Daniel.

Mrs. Edward Garnett, who is to give us a complete translation of Turguenieff, has been in St. Petersburg lately. She was to have an interview with Count Tolstoi.

Mr. George Meredith's novel concludes its serial run in the *Pall Mall Magazine* towards the middle of the year, and will be followed by a story from the pen of Mr. Rider Haggard, entitled, 'The Way of the Transgressor.'

Mrs. Stephen Batson, the author of 'Dark' and 'Such a Lord is Love,' has just completed the MS. of a new three-volume novel which at present bears the title of 'Adam the Gardener.'

Mr. Alfred Austin is, we hear, about to re-issue in volume form a series of articles which he has recently contributed to the pages of the *National Review*, under the title of 'The Garden that I Love.' The book will be very fully illustrated.

Miss Barlow, the author of 'Irish Idylls,' has written a new poem of considerable length entitled, 'The Battle of the Frogs and Mice,' which will be published as a small volume, handsomely illustrated.

Mr. James Dryden Hosken, the "postman poet" (by the unfortunate omission of a single letter, the phrase appeared recently in an American contemporary as "potman poet"), has for the present forsaken poetry for prose, and has now completed a series of short stories dealing with Cornwall, to which he proposes giving the title, 'The Prodigal of Cairnack Down.' By the influence of Mr. Leonard Courtney, Mr. Hosken has obtained an appointment which will be more congenial than that which he has hitherto followed. We have not heard with what firm Mr. Hosken is publishing his stories, but we understand that Mr. Quiller-Couch, who has all along taken a very generous interest in Mr. Hosken, has read the stories, and thinks very highly of them.

Mr. R. L. Stevenson has been engaged in a controversy with the missionaries of Samoa. For one thing, they are dissatisfied with his letters to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. They repudiate the charge of apathy in regard to the battle on July 8th, which is called a war; they maintain that they protested in their strength, and did otherwise what they could, against head taking and the killing of women. Mr. Stevenson replies in a published letter to the Samoan *Weekly News* that the Mission has done well. "Those who shamed Samoa and humanity have met some shadow of punishment, but the Mission is not a body organised to punish crime, and I am still waiting with curiosity and anxiety, I may say with zeal, to hear the reward of those whose business it legitimately is; I am waiting to see those miscreants punished, and when I see that even attempted, I shall begin to think differently of Samoa."

Mr. Stevenson has also issued a letter in favour of the C. D. Acts in Samoa. The missionaries of the London and Wesleyan Missionary Societies have issued a protest against this, and the matter is still under the consideration of the Chief Justice.

There is a good article in the *Scottish Review* on Scottish fiction of to-day, in which a full account is taken of Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Barrie, and Mrs. Burnett Smith. They are all fairly and genially criticised.

The *St. James's Gazette* of December 29th contained the only article Mr. J. M. Barrie has written for years. Proprietors of periodicals, American and English, have tempted him with the largest prices in vain. The paper referred to is entitled "The Late Sherlock Holmes. Sensational Arrest. Watson accused of the Crime." It was commenced as a letter to Mr. Conan Doyle, and was ultimately finished as an article. We extract two characteristic bits:—

"The public cannot have orgotten that Holmes used to amuse himself in this room with pistol practice. He was such a scientific shot that one evening while Watson was writing he fired all round the latter's head, shaving him by the infinitesimal part of an inch. The result is a portrait on the wall in pistol shots of Watson, which is considered an excellent likeness. It is understood that, following the example set in the Ardlamont case, this picture will be produced in court. It is also in contemplation to bring over the Falls of Reichenbach for the same purpose."

"An extraordinary rumour reaches us as we go to press to the effect that Mr. Sherlock Holmes, at the entreaty of the whole British public, has returned to Baker Street, and is at present (in the form of the figure 8) solving the problem of The Adventure of the Novelist and His Old Man of the Sea."

Mr. J. Lockwood Kipling is at present staying at a little town in Wiltshire, being on leave of absence on account of his health, which, however, we are glad to believe is somewhat improved.

Mr. D. Christie Murray is just completing a new two-volume novel entitled, 'A Capful of Nails.'

Mr. Walter Besant has recently gathered together the short stories which he has from time to time published during the last two or three years in various journals and periodicals. They will be issued shortly in volume form by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, the title being that of the most important story, 'In Deacon's Orders.' Mr. Besant also proposes to publish at early dates two volumes entitled respectively, 'Literary Essays' and 'Social Essays.'

Mr. Hamish MacCunn's first grand opera, 'Jeanie Deans,' is, we understand, completed, and will be produced by the Carl Rosa Opera Company at an early date, probably in the first instance in Scotland. Those who have been privileged to see the score anticipate that it will be a great success, and add to the high reputation of the youthful composer.

Mr. Max Pemberton is writing a new story which is to appear in *Chums*. 'The Iron Pirate' by the same author, although practically only just published, has already had a sale which is counted in thousands.

The study of dipsomania, 'A Literary Gent,' in Mr. Coulson Kernahan's 'Book of Strange Sins,' has attracted such attention among advocates of temperance that, with the approval of the Executive Committee of the United Kingdom Alliance, the editor of the *Alliance News* has arranged with Messrs. Ward, Lock and Bowden for the publication of the story in a special celebration number of the *Alliance News* to be issued in March.

Mr. Clark Russell, junior (son of the novelist), will shortly publish a novel, which, like his father's work, will deal with adventure at sea.

In the issue of *To-Day* for December 23rd there appeared a short paper entitled "How to get a Play Accepted." No author's name appeared, but "From *Playwriting*" appeared at the end. 'Playwriting' was published anonymously as "By a Dramatist"; and not many people are aware that the author is Mr. Jerome K. Jerome. The volume consists of practical advice to would-be dramatists, and the papers it contains were first published in the columns of a journal devoted to the drama. It attracted very considerable attention at the time of its appearance, and had it not been that Mr. Jerome's work was then not very widely known, the authorship would have undoubtedly been traced.

Mrs. E. R. Esler, the author of 'How they Loved at Grimpat,' has, we hear, just completed the MS. of a new novel.

One of the best Australian newspapers has, we hear, made haste to secure the Australasian rights in the new novel which Mrs. W. K. Clifford will contribute to the *Illustrated London News*, commencing in July next. The story will also be published simultaneously in the United States.

Mr. A. D. Wallace, of Edinburgh, has kindly sent us the following acknowledgment of a copy of 'Barncraig' from Mr. J. M. Barrie:—"I have to thank you heartily for 'Barncraig,' and the pleasure it has given me. It is capital, humorous, fresh, and the pathos genuine. I hope we are to have more from the same source."

Mr. Bret Harte is at work on a serial for publication in Mr. Jerome's new weekly *To-day*.

Mr. Tighe Hopkins is collecting for publication in volume form some of the short stories which he has contributed to the *Cornhill*, *Macmillan's*, and the *English Illustrated Magazine*.

Mr. R. Murray Gilchrist, author of 'Passion the Plaything' and of 'Frangipanni' (just added by Mr. Frank Murray, of Derby, to his prettily produced "Regent Library"), has finished a charming little fantasy entitled 'Hercules and the Marionettes.' It will be published shortly, with illustrations by Sainton, by Messrs. Bliss, Sands and Foster.

Mr. James John Piatt (whose first volume of poems was published in collaboration with Mr. W. D. Howells) and Mrs. Sarah M. B. Piatt, the author of 'The Witch in the Glass,' 'The Enchanted Castle,' etc., will shortly be finally leaving Ireland for America, Mr. Piatt having resigned the post of American Consul at Dublin which he has hitherto held. Mr. and Mrs. Piatt hope to pay a short visit to London before sailing.

The series of articles 'Birds of the Night,' which Mr. Henry T. Johnson (the editor of *Fun*) has been contributing to the columns of the *Weekly Dispatch*, will shortly be published in a volume. They are after the style of Mr. Greenwood's 'Amateur Casual' and 'Toilers in London,' papers which were so popular a few years ago.

Messrs. Ward, Lock and Bowden have purchased the copyright of Mr. Henry Herman's new novel, 'Woman the Mystery, a Story of Three Revolutions.'

Mr. Hugh Coleman Davidson, author of 'Hypocrites' and 'The Old Adam,' will shortly publish a new volume, entitled 'Hold Fast,' consisting of four stories. A good deal of Mr. Davidson's earlier work appeared in that now defunct little periodical, Mr. F. W. Robinson's *Home Chimes*, in which the maiden efforts of so many men who have since won distinction first appeared.

The portrait of Mr. Francis Thompson in our present number is from a photograph by Mr. G. Watmough Webster, Chester.

The aged Dr. McCosh, who is eighty-five years old, has written a volume of essays, which will be published very soon in America.

James Whitcomb Riley's poems have sold to the extent of about 20,000 copies in America.

The death of M. Waddington is sincerely regretted by scholars. Others have spoken of his achievements in every department. A word might be given here to his work in Syria, which, by itself, would preserve his memory. Palmyra was discovered by William Halifax in 1678. He sent a few mutilated Palmyran inscriptions to England, which perplexed scholars for over seventy years. Then in 1751 Wood and Dawkins revisited the desert ruins, and produced their magnificent architectural book. They also copied a

number of inscriptions, more or less correctly. Another century passed, and in 1861 and 1862 M. Waddington devoted eighteen months to the reaping of the great harvest of inscriptions in Palmyra and Syria. On Waddington's return from Palmyra, de Vogüé was able to publish, with translations and commentaries, 146 Semitic inscriptions, 134 of which had never before been edited. Besides this, M. Waddington published in his part of the great work 898 Latin and Greek inscriptions fully annotated. Between them Waddington and de Vogüé have completely revolutionised the history of Syria, Palmyra, and Asia Minor.

The writer of this notice had the pleasure of examining most of the monuments from which Waddington had copied his inscriptions, and of verifying the published copies at leisure. He sometimes found small mistakes. The work of the critic is easy, and may be useful, but it is impossible to withhold admiration from M. Waddington's splendid achievement. His work on Numismatics will also be remembered by those who go down to the roots of history. Although he turned aside to politics, M. Waddington never lost his interest in his old studies, and warm welcome always awaited those who had stumbled on his footsteps. Unlike most archæologists, he accepted gratefully corrections and suggestions. Beneath a reserved demeanour he concealed a warm heart, and at his hospitable board one never remembered that the big, kindly Englishman at the head of the table was really a Frenchman.

The literary events of the past month in Madrid have been the festivities in honour of the poet Núñez de Arce; and not often perhaps in the history of Spanish literature has such a triumph been accorded to any poet during his lifetime. A dinner, at which the author of 'Gritos del Combate,' 'La Vision de Fray Martin,' and many other works of scarcely less merit, was entertained by the members of the Sociedad de Escritores y Artistas of Madrid, was the principal feature of the ceremonies. The toast of the evening was proposed by José Echegaray, the dramatist. The next day the poet remained at home to receive the numerous deputations, representing almost every class in the Peninsula, who are interested in intellectual advancement, who had solicited an audience. Wreaths, some of gold and silver, some of laurel, rained as thick upon him as did gold boxes on a memorable occasion upon the elder Pitt. At the same time telegrams were received from Toledo and Valladolid, announcing that it had been determined to christen streets in those cities by the poet's name. There was also a special performance at one of the theatres, at which the poet's earliest dramatic work, 'Las deudas de la honra,' was successfully revived. After the performance, a magnificent fragment of his unpublished poem, 'Luzbel' (Belial), was recited amid prolonged and deafening applause, and was the signal for such a demonstration in honour of the writer as has not often been provoked by a talent purely literary.

It is undoubtedly a good sign for Spanish literature that Núñez de Arce should be the man selected to receive these ovations. The facile, but too often slipshod, style of writing of Zorrilla set a bad example, and in the hands of imitators who lacked his inspiration might have been productive of mischievous results. It seems, however, that this style has already had its day, and that taste has changed into a directly opposite quarter. The Señor de Arce might perhaps be described as the Spanish Tennyson. No one has ever written a purer Castilian style; no one, writing in the language, has ever produced poetry of more exquisitely finished workmanship. And, as in the case of the English master, the Spanish poet also is notably less strong on the dramatic and philosophic sides of his genius.

On Wednesday, 20th December last, Messrs. Sotheby sold two volumes which were of considerable interest, not because of their rarity only, but mainly in consequence of the unusual condition in which they were. The books in question were 'An Evening Walk' and 'Descriptive Sketches in Verse,' thin quarto pamphlets published by Wordsworth in 1793. The leaves of both were entirely untrimmed, and they are the first uncut examples that have ever occurred for public sale. Only one other uncut copy of each is known to exist, and the story of their recovery is worth recording, if only as showing in what unlikely spot the rarest treasures may be found lurking.

An assistant in the employ of a firm of London booksellers was spending a holiday in the Lake districts, and going one day into an outhouse, chanced upon the two pamphlets lying soiled and dirty—but happily quite perfect—in a heap of paper cast aside as waste. He promptly secured them, and brought them back with him to London. They were forthwith washed and cleaned, and bound in morocco by Francis Bedford, and were finally sold for £40 to Mr. Robert Alfred Potts, of Regent's Park, in whose possession they still remain. The copies at Sotheby's brought £22 for 'An Evening Walk,' and £26 for 'Descriptive Sketches.'

Another book which is usually found sadly reduced in size by the binder's knife is Tennyson's 'The Window, or the Loves of the Wrens,' a handsome quarto printed in 1867 at Canford Manor, at the private press of Sir Ivor Bertie Guest. The book was put up in two forms, (1) in a limp red French morocco binding, and (2) in stiffened grey paper boards, both having the edges gilt, and only a single uncut example is recorded. During the past month, however, a second copy with unmutilated margins came to light, and was promptly secured by a well-known collector, its ransom being fixed at a considerable sum.

The Irish Literary Revival has already its historian and its prophet. Mr. W. P. Ryan, organising secretary for the New Irish Library in Great Britain, is at work on a book which will deal with the rise of the movement, its purpose and possibilities. Portraits of the leaders will be given, prominent among whom are Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, Mr. T. W. Rolleston, Mr. Wm. O'Brien, M P., the Rev. Stopford Brooke, Dr. Douglas Hyde, Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mrs. Sophie Bryant, and Dr. Sigerson.

Messrs. Barnicott and Pearce, of Taunton, will shortly publish, by subscription, 'Chapters in the Early History of the Church of Wells' (A.D. 1136-1333), drawn from unpublished documents in possession of the Dean and Chapter of Wells, by the Rev. C. M. Church, M.A., F.S.A., Sub-Dean and Canon Residentiary of Wells. The papers which form the bulk of this volume were first published in *Archæologia*, and are now reprinted by permission of the Society of Antiquaries. They have, however, been re-cast, corrected, and largely added to.

A correspondent, Mr. W. H. Covington, writes:—I think it was in April last that I had the pleasure of putting lovers of Lamb in possession of an unreclaimed sonnet of his addressed to the poet Rogers. This was reprinted in THE BOOKMAN, though unfortunately with rather a serious misprint in the seventh line. There cannot, I think, be the slightest hesitancy in assigning the following poem also to Charles Lamb; his intimacy with the Burney family is too well known to need mention, and the signature is one he frequently employed, and regarded as his by right; while personally I should be quite satisfied with the internal evidence of style, by itself, as regards this sonnet.

SONNET

To Miss Burney, on her Character of Blanch in 'Country Neighbours,' a tale.

Bright spirits have arisen to grace the BURNEY name,
And some in letters, some in tasteful arts,
In learning some have borne distinguished parts;
Or sought through science of sweet sounds their fame:
And foremost *she*, renowned for many a tale
Of faithful love perplexed, and of that good
Old man who, as Camilla's guardian, stood
In obstinate virtue clad like coat of mail.
Nor dost thou, SARAH, with unequal pace
Her steps pursue. The pure romantic vein
No gentler creature ever knew to feign
Than thy fine Blanch, young with an elder grace,
In all respects without rebuke or blame,
Answering the antique freshness of her name.

C. L.

The reference in the third line is probably to the Rev. Charles Burney, a celebrated scholar in his day. In the next line the reference is, of course, to Charles Burney the celebrated musician and friend of Johnson, father of the above and of Frances Burney, Madame D'Arblay, whose novel 'Camilla' is, it is hardly necessary to add, referred to in lines 6-8.

MONTHLY REPORT ON THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

DEC. 15, 1893 TO JAN. 15, 1894.

During the autumn the trade has been anxiously looking for improvement. Matters had long been in a depressed state, partly owing to the mining and other disputes and partly as the result of commercial inactivity throughout the world. Unfortunately the Christmas week opened wet, to the great disappointment of all branches, but it improved about the 20th, and the week finished very well indeed. There was a good recovery after the Christmas holidays, which has been partly maintained, and trade is expected to keep up to the middle of February—that is, until the schools are supplied. The number of books sold is quite equal to previous years, and a book is still a very popular Christmas gift with all classes. The demand in gift-books is for works well illustrated with woodcuts in preference to coloured prints. By the aid of various processes in which photography plays an important part, perfection in book illustration may be said to have been reached.

Short stories are great favourites, about a dozen of the total bulk of an ordinary novel being very popular just now. These remarks apply to a universal demand.

Much attention is being paid to sound technical books and works on cookery, the latter of which may now be classed with "scientific publications." All the old favourite authors have been in as great demand as ever.

Very cheap and inferior literature, especially shilling novels, is on the wane, which points to an improvement in the popular taste. For this credit must be given to the public libraries. Booksellers did not regard these institutions with a favourable eye at first, but they now find that they produce booklovers, and that their borrowers are transformed into book-owners, another name for book-buyers.

The demand still continues for a sound 3s. 6d. novel, but a good author can still rely upon a favourable reception at 6s. This is especially noticeable in the case of 'Dodo' before Christmas, and 'The Heavenly Twins' since that time. We give below a few of the principal works inquired for during the month, about which this report treats:

Ships that Pass in the Night. By B. Harraden.
Dodo. By E. F. Benson.
Children of the Ghetto. By I. Zangwill.
Window in Thrums. By J. M. Barrie.
White Company (The). By Conan Doyle.
Ivory Gate (The). By W. Besant.
Montezuma's Daughter. By Rider Haggard.
Christ and Our Times. By W. M. Sinclair.
The Lord's Prayer. By Canon Farrar.
St. Bartholomew's Eve. By G. A. Henty.
Through the Sikh War. By G. A. Henty.
Jacobite Exile (A). By G. A. Henty.
True Story Book. By A. Lang.
Heroes of the Goodwin Sands. By T. S. Treanor.
Catriona. By R. L. Stevenson.
Angel (The) of the Revolution. By G. Griffith.
The Brontës in Ireland. By W. Wright.
Heavenly Twins (The). By Sarah Grand.
Stephen Remarx. By J. Adderley.

SUMMARY OF THE BOOKSELLING TRADE, DEC. 15, 1893, TO JAN. 15, 1894.

Week ending
Dec. 23, 1893.—Opened badly on account of wet. Booksellers had bought sparingly during autumn, but were still anxious as to clearing stock. On the 20th and following days business suddenly went to highest point, and continued to 23rd. Total trade about equal to 1892.
Dec. 30, 1893.—Good recovery after Christmas holidays. Much better than 1892. Year closed well.
Jan. 6, 1894.—A quiet week, but better than 1893, improving towards end.
Jan. 13, 1894.—Improvement continues and is well sustained, owing to School orders commencing, and arrival of colonial orders, including some from Australasia, which had been looked for as showing improvement at the Antipodes.

The forecast is that trade will keep up until the middle of February, when Lent orders should prevent it going down very much. Of late years Lent Literature is an important feature in the trade.

POETRY.

THE GRANDMOTHER.

Grandmother still sat weaving, weaving,
Blindly moving the ancient loom.
"Tell us a story past believing,
Stars at the window watch the room:
Fire is leaping: birds are sleeping:
Grandmother, sing to the ancient loom."

"Children, hearken, the loom is singing,
All those little ones through the sky,—
Flying stars of eternal winging,—
Waiting, watching, wandering nigh,—
All are listening; eyes are glistening;
Hearing the loom in the far-off sky.

"The loom is wisdom, the loom is living,
The loom is beauty, the loom is love;
The loom is labouring, weaving, giving,—
This is enough for the stars above.
Beauty is old, and anger is cold,
And love is labour, and labour love.

"This is the song that is past believing,
Hear it, children, forget, and play.
Over your heads I can see you weaving,—
Your knees as high as your eyes to-day:
This is growing; the one great knowing:
Now, my children, forget, and play."

E. J. ELLIS.

January, 1894.

NEW WRITERS.

MR. PERCY WHITE.

The author of 'Mr. Bailey-Martin,' one of the books that is being much read and talked about just now, and which deserves its reputation, is Mr. Percy White, the editor of *Public Opinion*. He is the son of the late Dr. Charles White, who carried on a private school for many years at Hove. Mr. White's first intention was also to follow a scholastic career, but after some time spent as professor of English language and literature in a French college he drifted into journalism. For the last eight years he has edited *Public Opinion*, which has prospered exceedingly under his direction. During that time he has been a very busy leader-writer, his contribution of leaders to the press amounting to thirteen hundred. Short stories and reviews from his pen have also appeared from time to time in the magazines. 'Mr. Bailey-Martin,' his first novel, has had a distinct success, but its author believes it has been a good deal misunderstood. He intended his central character to be something more than a snob, in fact a sort of up-to-date cad and scamp into the bargain. It is interesting to note that it was Marie Bashkirtseff's Memoirs, which Mr. White once reviewed, that suggested him. He is a very dissimilar person, of course, but the Frenchwoman is popularly believed to have meant her self-revelations to be a valuable human document, and Mr. Bailey-Martin had the same ambition as an autobiographist.

THE READER.

ST. ANDREWS.*

If the journalist who imagined that St. Andrews was named after Mr. Andrew Lang has seen the most recent production of that versatile and gifted writer, he will have learned that the "little city worn and grey" derived its name from a still more famous fisher who flourished nigh two thousand years ago. The story of "St. Andrews by the Northern Sea" has not, however, been carried quite so far back by Mr. Lang. The town "began," he says, "'as all things begin, with a cell, the sea-worn cave in the cliff.' Following Skene, he supposes that the Columban missionary who first came here, in the latter part of the sixth century, was Cainnech or Kenneth; but he utterly ignores the inhabitants to whom the missionaries came. Little indeed is known about them, yet the traces they left are ever and anon being brought to light. Remains of early heathen burial have been found in various parts of the town; and in the outskirts some twenty cinerary urns were discovered in one spot. To such a remarkable cremation cemetery—one of the most extensive found in Scotland—there ought surely to have been at least a brief reference in a sketch of the history of St. Andrews. But the urns are by no means the only interesting items which have been denied a place in this volume.

Mr. Lang confesses that he "has made scarcely any use of documents in MS."; but Lyon's 'History,' he owns, "has been used," while materials have also been obtained from other printed sources, especially from the publications of the Scottish book clubs and societies. Yet he has drawn wonderfully little from the 'Register of the Priory,' printed for the Bannatyne Club in 1841. He tells, for example, that Fothad, the bishop, "acquired for St. Andrews a delightful piece of real property, the island in Loch Leven"; but he does not say a word about the donation of the monastery of Loch Leven, with all its belongings, two centuries later, by Bishop Robert to Prior Robert of St. Andrews, for appointing Canons-regular in it. This would have been a serious omission, although the grant had only included the lands, mills, endowments, and ecclesiastical vestments of the Culdees (Chelede); but then it specially carried with it their little library of sixteen books! One would have thought that the author of 'The Library' and of 'Books and Bookmen' would have been the last man in the world to overlook this interesting collection of the twelfth century. Nor does he give the slightest hint that these Culdees of Loch Leven had obtained part of their property from Macbeth and his Queen; although in the record of this grant in the 'Register of the Priory of St. Andrews' has been preserved the real name and, in it alone, the genuine descent of Lady Macbeth.

If Mr. Lang has unduly neglected such an important authority, he has at least made free use of Skene's 'Celtic Scotland,' and of Lyon's 'History of St. Andrews.' In his first chapter he acknowledges his indebtedness to Dr. Skene, and the more closely that chapter is compared with the second volume of the late Historiographer Royal's monumental work, the more apparent will be his indebtedness. In the same way, if some of the immediately succeeding

* 'St. Andrews,' by Andrew Lang, with illustrations by T. Hodge. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. 1893.

chapters are compared with Lyon's 'History,' it will be found that that book has been skimmed to purpose. Skene's ingenious theories are presented in lively outline; and Lyon's dull narrative, after being effectually squeezed and strained, becomes in Mr. Lang's hands bright and sparkling. It must not be supposed, however, that in his first chapters he has confined himself to the works of these men, although he frequently quotes them without making special acknowledgment.

From these first chapters a tolerably good idea may be formed of Mr. Lang's methods of work, and of its value. In speaking of Queen Margaret, he says:—"At St. Andrews in 1074 she held a great conference for the reform of ecclesiastical abuses." No authority is given for the statement; but a similar one in almost identical terms may be found in Lyon, and it too is unvouched. Turgot gives neither date nor place for the conference; and Robertson, Grub, and Bellesheim have not ventured to supply the deficiency. On the next page Mr. Lang, in describing the remaining ruins at the Kirk-heugh, speaks of the "flat tomb marked by a sword and scissors." The sword can still be seen, the scissors are almost invisible; but why should there be no reference to the chief ornament on the stone—a beautifully incised Greek cross, with a plain shaft and base added? In the next sentence, he says:—"There is a mass of masonry, which may have been an altar tomb." But there has been no such mass of masonry there for fully thirty years. Five minutes' ocular inspection at the Kirk-heugh would have saved Mr. Lang from both these discrepancies.

Again, in telling how Alexander the First gave the *Cursus Apri*, or Boar's Chase, to the church, Lyon only quotes Wyntoun and Hector Boece. Mr. Lang follows him thus:—"Alexander behaved with liberality to the church here by bestowing on it (if we may believe Boethius and Wyntoun) the tract of land called the *Cursus Apri*, or Boar's Chase." Mr. Lyon entertained no doubt as to the gift. Why should Mr. Lang cast suspicion on the statement of honest Wyntoun? Was it to give a more critical air to his own pages? If so, he has sadly missed the mark. Unfortunately for him, the story can be traced back a very long way before Wyntoun's time. It will be found in that form of the legend of St. Andrew of which Mr. Lang had previously said approvingly:—"Dr. Reeves thinks the legend was written, perhaps, by Bishop or Prior Robert, about 1144, or rather later." As Alexander died in 1124, the legend ought to be a good enough authority on such a matter. Before leaving this, it may be pointed out that Wyntoun designates the king's gift as the "Barys Rayk"; but, in quoting the passage, Lyon alters the name into "Boaris Chace"; and curiously enough Mr. Lang, in quoting Wyntoun, also terms it the "Boaris Chace." Quite as curious is the fact that, in another of the six lines which Mr. Lang quotes from Wyntoun, he gives "by" instead of "the," completely marring the sense; and Lyon fifty years ago made the very same mistake. This is a double co-incidence of a most remarkable kind; for, of course, only the malignant would insinuate that an acute critic like Mr. Lang could be guilty of borrowing quotations second-hand. Another quotation is very like one of Lyon's; but whereas he found it in Barbour, Mr. Lang has performed the incredible feat of discovering it in Wyntoun.

Near the end of his second chapter, Mr. Lang says:—"Mr. Lyon quotes Mr. Thomas Innes, at one time Principal of the Scots College in Paris, who had seen an old manuscript 'containing the ordinary service of that church (St. Andrews), entirely conformable to the use of Sarum.'" Mr. Lang does not say from what part of Lyon's 'History' this is taken, but it will be found in vol. ii., p. 314, and there Lyon gives the reference, which Mr. Lang has adopted—'Spalding Club Miscellany, vol. ii., p. 365.' Why was Mr. Lang content to repeat Lyon's statement on this matter? He might have explained that Thomas Innes was only Vice-Principal of the Scots College at Paris; and no one would have blamed him had he added that this "old manuscript," which Innes saw in the possession of Lord Arbuthnot, was printed thirty years ago at the Pitsligo Press, under the editorial care of the late Bishop Forbes.

Mr. Lang says on one page—"In 1160 the Priory of Bishop Robert was erected on the southern side of the Cathedral," and, on the next page, he informs his readers that this Bishop Robert was succeeded by Bishop Arnold in 1159. Two pages further on he gives a miserably meagre account of the sculptured stones in the base of the east gable of the Cathedral. Of the valuable collection of sculptured stones also belonging to the Celtic period, which are in the Museum, he says nothing—not even mentioning the magnificent sarcophagus found near St. Rule's. And the stone which was used as a foot-bridge is not in the Museum, as he alleges; nor is it adorned with a Celtic pattern.

As Lyon has said that John Scott, who was chosen bishop by the chapter, "had graduated both at Oxford and Cambridge," Mr. Lang unquestioningly repeats that he was "an Oxford and Cambridge man"; but, according to the continuator of Fordun, John the Scot was educated at Oxford and Paris. In the same way Mr. Lang blindly falls into a palpable blunder. Lyon writes: "Bishop Keith states, that Wishart 'rebuilt, in a stately manner, the *east* end of the Cathedral, which had been thrown down by a tempest of wind.'" And thus Mr. Lang recasts it: "The bishop rebuilt the east end of the cathedral, which the east wind had wrestled with successfully." But Lyon's short quotation is erroneous in one vital word. Keith says *west*, not *east*. It is quite in keeping with the whole book that Mr. Lang, in summing up his two first chapters, should say: "The first showed us. . . . how the Priory grew and the Cathedral was founded." Yet, in the first chapter, there is not a word about the growth of the Priory nor the foundation of the Cathedral! If a writer cannot summarise his own work correctly, he can hardly be expected to skim another man's safely.

In his third chapter, which is entitled "To the foundation of the University," and which includes the foundation of the colleges, Mr. Lang stumbles as badly. On one point he ventures to leave Lyon's leading strings, and errs in consequence. After the death of Walter Trail, Thomas Stewart was elected to the vacant see, and Mr. Lang says that he was a son of Robert III., and brother of that young Duke of Rothesay of whose death the circumstances are well known to all readers of the 'Fair Maid of Perth.' Thomas Stewart, however, as Lyon says, was a son of Robert II., and therefore an uncle of the unfortunate Duke of Rothesay. In dealing with the early history of the

University, Mr. Lang's slipshod methods again betray themselves. Here is one of his sentences: "Even before the *Pædagogium*, the building of Bishop Kennedy in South Street, was given to the University, Lindores had made a beginning of the end of mediæval St. Andrews by procuring the burning of Paul Craw, or Crawar, at this place (1432)." On the previous page he had told that Bishop Wardlaw, not Kennedy, was the donor of this building, and that the date of the gift was 1430. If, then, Paul Craw was burned in 1432, as he alleges, how could that event precede the gift of the *Pædagogium*? The year of Wardlaw's gift is correct, and the burning of Craw is not post-dated. In the succeeding chapter, he places Craw's martyrdom in 1471. Two pages beyond that from which the above sentence is quoted, he again erroneously attributes the *Pædagogium* to Kennedy.

It would be an easy matter to go on pointing out specimens of Mr. Lang's blunders, to recite how he imprisons Patrick Graham in Iona instead of Inchcolme; how the famous Prior Hepburn has his name changed from John to James; and so on, and on; but this would occupy an enormous space. Some of the errors to which attention has been drawn are doubtless due to the compositors. Certain proofs, it seems, went amissing, or were not given effect to. But if Mr. Lang allowed such a work to go through the press after only seeing one proof, he must be as culpable as careless; and if he had more proofs than one, the meshes of the first must have been wide indeed to permit the escape of so many blunders. Yet he twits Mr. Osmund Airy for "not correcting his proofs well, in his irritation" at Archbishop Sharp.

Perhaps the printers ought also to share the blame of the many serious omissions with which the work might be charged. These "unholy desperadoes" may have stowed away, in some recondite repository, Mr. Lang's piquant observations concerning the remains of the early heathen, the sculptured sarcophagus, the Culdean library, the hospital for leprous priests, the Canon who dirked the Prior and was buried in a dunghill, the students who used fascination at a marriage, the college law which forbade the powdering of students' wigs on Sabbath but permitted the practice on other days, and the whole municipal life of the burgh. Mr. Lang's racy remarks, on all these and many other topics, may have been, with the most sincere motives, as carefully disposed of as the "idols of Scone," which the "benighted Papists" buried in the kirk for preservation to a better day.

There are things in this book, however, for which Mr. Lang will not blame the long-enduring printers. In his reminiscences of old St. Leonard's days, printed in 'Alma Mater's Mirror' in 1887, he records his nearly breaking up one of the University societies—it was the Literary—"by an essay on the Character of Sir William Wallace," which contained the remark:—"And this is Scotland's chosen hero! Why, gentlemen, Nero was comparatively a Christian martyr!" Now, he says that "the national resistance under Wallace, Bruce, and Lamberton changed Scotland from a comparatively prosperous country, with inklings of civilisation, into a starved, fierce, and half-barbarous realm. Civilisation was cramped by the endless hostilities with England." And again:—"In the victory of Bannockburn, as Dr. Robertson says, 'was a greater disaster to Scotland than the carnage of Flodden or the rout of Pinkie Cleugh. The first note of contest banished every English priest, monk, or friar from the northern realm.' Henceforth Scotland was a poorer, a less cultivated, a ruder realm; henceforth it had an enemy with a grudge to avenge on its southern border." He does not say from which of Joseph Robertson's writings the quotation is taken, but it will be found in his 'Scottish Abbeys,' 1891, p. 68. Like too many of Mr. Lang's other quotations, it is not distinguished by strict accuracy, and it was hardly fair to Robertson to ignore his saving-clause—"weighed in the balance of the mere utilitarian." Independence combined with poverty may do much more for a nation than refinement and enervating luxury. In some circumstances a wasting war may be less disastrous than a lasting peace. For that "grit" in their character, by which Scotchmen have been enabled to hold their own in every walk of life, they are doubtless indebted to the heroic struggles of their forefathers. But Bruce himself is described by Mr. Lang as "the king with the strong, savage face, which craniologists have compared to that of a carnivorous beast, and to the thrice ancient Neanderthal skull." Liston's anatomical remarks on Bruce's skull do not lead the non-professional reader to believe that he had a strong, savage face, like that of a carnivorous beast; nor that his skull resembled that since found in the valley of Neander, which of all extant human skulls most nearly approaches that of the ape.

Towards the Reformation Mr. Lang is even harsher and more unjust. Perhaps when he speaks of mitigating the havoc of the Reformation in the case of Henry VIII., he only means that the Scotch abbeys would have been saved from Hertford's devastating invasions. In the Reformation of his own country, Henry showed unbounded respect neither to the religious houses nor to the lives of his subjects.

Regarding St. Andrews Cathedral, Mr. Lang says:—"One hundred and fifty-eight years was that temple in building, and it practically perished in one day!" But in another place he qualifies his statement thus:—"It is probable enough that the Cathedral . . . . was not absolutely 'dung doun' between June 11 and June 13." I have had the pleasure of accompanying many practical men, architects and others, over the ruin, and cannot recall a single one who believed that it was possible for any mob to overthrow such a building in a day. The remaining ruins afford unmistakable proofs that the huge building had developed inherent weaknesses long before the Reformation. It only required to suffer neglect in order to go to pieces. In Mr. Lang's opinion, "it is a singular thing that parts of St. Andrews were almost always ruinous." This is not quite so singular to those who have learned that scamped work was not unknown in the olden time, and that, although the lime was excellent and the walls thick, the foundations were usually bad. The latter point has just been confirmed anew. The Marquis of Bute has been exploring the buried remains of St. Andrews Priory during the last three months; and, of all the walls which have been laid bare, only one had anything approaching what might be called "a foundation"—the lower courses of the others were simply laid on the sand.

It would have been some satisfaction to have here exposed Mr. Lang's gross caricatures of the Reformers and Covenanters, and to have rebutted his charges against them: but that may be done elsewhere.

There are a few really good illustrations in the book, but only a few, for most of them are rather poor. The best are Queen Mary's chamber and Principal Hunter's house. Two of the others are wrongly named. Those who can enjoy a volume simply because it is entertaining, who care nought for accuracy and who love flippancy, will no doubt deem this an interesting, perhaps even a delightful, book; but it is not at all likely that it will add anything to the permanent reputation of the author—unless the time may come when eager book-collectors will hunt for it, as they now do for Field's Bibles, because of the numberless errors.

D. HAY FLEMING.

PORTRAIT OF MR. FRANCIS THOMPSON.

WE are glad to be able to give a portrait of Mr. Francis Thompson, whose recently published poems (Elkin Mathews and John Lane) have attracted such unusual and appreciative attention, and which were reviewed in the January number of THE BOOKMAN by Miss Katharine Tynan.

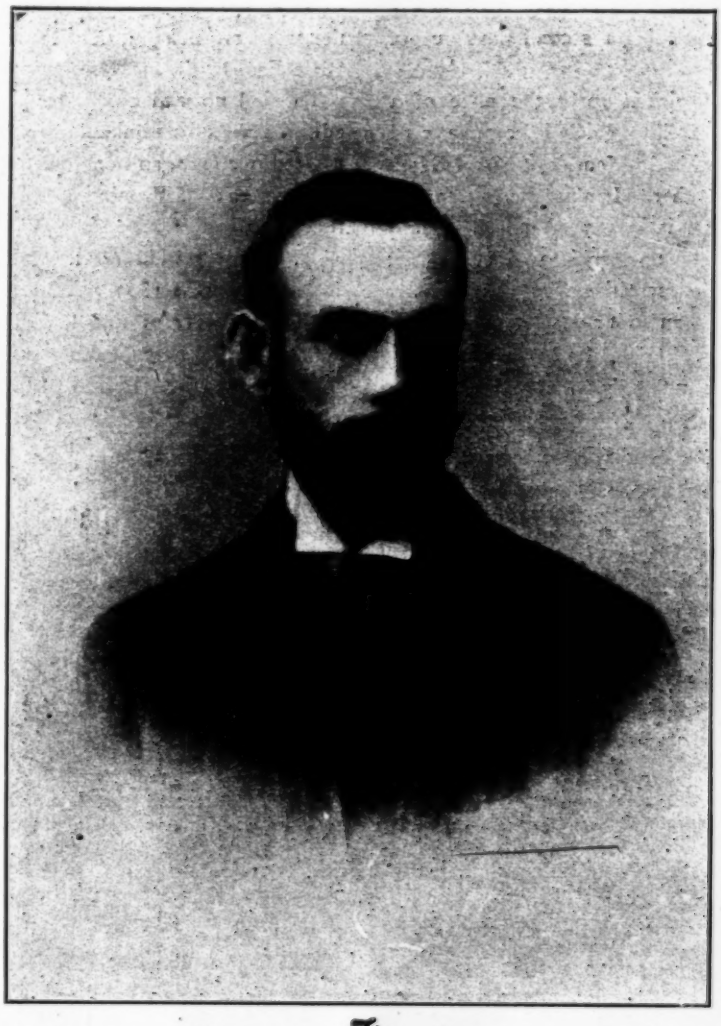
FAMILIAR LETTERS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.*

ONE night last December in Suffolk I overheard this scrap of dialogue :—

1st Rustic, hesitatingly.—"I seem to knaow what I knaow."

2nd Rustic, positively.—"Ah! but I *dew* knaow what I knaow."

One could not see them, for the lane was dark, yet one knew the two kinds of men, Master Doubting and Master Doughty; broadly, the whole of mankind might be divided between those two opposite types. Master Doughty may be right or may be wrong, he may be a saint or a sinner, a sage or a simpleton; anyhow, he will hold right on, and will go far, or will think he has gone far—for himself the two things are identical. The late Mr. Martin Tupper was as firmly convinced of his high vocation to poesy as ever was Wordsworth; and I myself have several times met a poet who as a young man announced that he had read all Shakespeare and Milton, and saw no reason why he should not at any rate equal them. He did more than equal them, at least in his own belief, what matter though it was shared by nobody. Such confidence in oneself is styled by a variety of names, according as it seems or does not seem justified; in the one case we may laud it as Dignity, and in the other brand it as Bumptiousness. Self-consciousness, however, means, as a rule, a consciousness of weakness, for most mortals are weak, and authors as a class are among the weakest of mortals. But there are authors and authors, and there is our one supremely great man and author—Sir Walter Scott. Shakespeare was possibly greater, only we do not know Shakespeare the man; and Dr. Johnson was almost as great, but as a man solely, not as an author.



Frances Thompson

Now, amid a score and more of splendid qualities, one notable characteristic of Scott was his strength, and his consciousness of that strength; he too might have said with my rustic, "I do know what I know." There was no seeming about it, no doubting and hesitation in his case; he held straight on throughout life, and he went far. "Yes, and came to grief at the finish," somebody remarks; we petty men find comfort in Scott's failure. It is true, he did "come to grief"; true, too, that he never showed greater than in his adversity. In the Eight Hours debates of the future will anyone refer to Scott's daily fourteen hours of toil — toil, not for himself, but for his creditors, to wipe off every penny of his debts?

These two volumes of Scott's Letters deal with the period of his rise, not of his fall, for they cover the years 1797-1825, leaving off where the Journal begins. There are over three hundred written by him to members of his family, to the Marchioness of Abercorn, to Joanna Baillie, to Lady Louisa Stuart, to J. R. Morritt, etc. There are fifty-four written by his friends to him; and there are five from Lockhart to his wife, Scott's daughter Sophia. These last, describing the Irish excursion of 1825, are not the least interesting of the series; they serve as such an admirable foil to Sir Walter's own correspondence. For they are smart, and caustic, and envious; not Scott himself quite escapes the "Scorpion's" envy. Rogers's feminine instinct was, it may be, not wholly at fault, when, laying down the 'Life of Scott,' he remarked, "I always thought that Lockhart hated him, and now I know it."

In Scott's own Letters there are fewer revelations than there were in the Journal. One point we rejoice to be made certain of, that he was not so enthusiastic over George IV.'s

*'Familiar Letters of Sir Walter Scott.' 2 vols. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.)

visit to Scotland as the Life would suggest. There is an allusion to "our fat friend," which might have called forth a footnote; and there is this gloss on a cutaneous eruption which attacked Scott during the pageants—"Dare not to suspect the tartan." Another discovery, and yet not quite a discovery, is the disappointment Scott evidently felt in his sons, and especially the elder one. And in a letter to Lady Abercorn there occurs this singular passage as to his marriage with Miss Carpenter:—"Mrs. Scott's match and mine was of our own making, and proceeded from the most sincere affection on both sides, which has rather increased than diminished during twelve years' marriage. But it was something short of love in all its forms, which I suspect people only *feel* once in their lives; folks who have been nearly drowned in bathing rarely venturing a second time out of their depth."

Four or five years ago I picked up at the price of a second-hand three-volume novel, to which it bears outward resemblance, the privately-printed 'Memoir of Maria Edgeworth' (1867), by her stepmother. It must be a scarceish work, for there is not a copy of it in any of the Edinburgh libraries, and it seems to be unknown to Mr. Douglas; therefore I make no apology for citing from it this letter written by Miss Edgeworth to an aunt:—

"May 27 [1826].

"You have seen in the papers the death of Lady Scott. In Sir Walter's last letter he had described her sufferings from water on the chest, but we had no idea the danger was so immediate. She was a most kind-hearted, hospitable person, and had much more sense and more knowledge of character and discrimination than many of those who ridiculed her. I know I never can forget her kindness to me when I was ill at Abbotsford. Her last words at parting were, 'God bless you! we shall never meet again. At the time it was much more likely that I should have died, I thought, than she. Sir Walter said he had been interrupted in his letter by many domestic distresses. The first two pages had been begun two months ago, and were in answer to a letter of mine inquiring about the truth of his losses, etc. Of these he spoke with cheerful fortitude, but with no bravado. He said that his losses had been great, but that he had enough left to live on; that he had had many gratifying offers of assistance, but that what he had done foolishly he would bear manfully; that he would take it all upon his own shoulders, and that he had great comfort in knowing that Lady Scott was not a person who cared about money, and that 'Beatrice,' as he calls Anne Scott, bore her altered prospects with cheerfulness. 'She is of a very generous disposition, and poor Janie [his elder son's wife] proffered her whole fortune as if it had been a gooseberry.'

"After writing this much the letter appeared to have been thrown aside and forgotten to be sent, till he was roused again by a letter from me about poor Mr. Jephson. The domestic distresses which had interrupted the course of his thoughts were the illness of his dear little grandson Lockhart, one of the finest and most engaging children I ever saw; and then Lady Scott's illness and death. He says that the 'Letters of Malachy Malagrowther' cost him but a day apiece."

That letter illustrates Scott, and so, too, of course do these letters of his own. They illustrate, for one thing, his old-fashioned politics, which already have done somewhat to loosen his hold on his countrymen. A Glasgow paper admitted last year to its columns a letter which sought to justify the blackguard Jedburgh cry of "Burke Sir Walter!" The letter was as infamous as it was silly; still it is not without its significance. For really if Scott was right, the majority of the Scotsmen of the present day must be wrong. He had no belief whatsoever in that equality of mankind which is the *sine quâ non* of Liberalism; for him no two men were exactly equal in virtue and intelligence any more than they are in stature and longevity. Much more might be written on this theme, but Scott's erroneous politics are not the sole cause why his novels are not half so widely read as they should be. Schoolboys—even Scottish schoolboys—no longer read and re-read them as they did when I was a schoolboy. A schoolboy, forsooth! in the years before ever I was sent to school my father read out to us children all the best of the Waverley Novels. Whereas now it was only last autumn that a clever young Edinburgh advocate said to me: "The Waverley Novels, well, I must confess I find them too Scotch." That was probably nonsense, on a par with the ridiculous foppery which makes some of his brethren of the robe affect a sort of bastard Cockney dialect. Rather, I take it, the reason is that Scott is not quite intelligible enough for some readers, and not quite unintelligible enough for others; the "some" being those who devour Mrs. Henry Wood and —— and ——, and the "others" being those who admire, or profess to admire, 'The Egoist.'

To wind up with the Letters, Mr. Douglas has done his editorial work as admirably here as in the Journal. I have noticed one fault, and one only, where he lets Lady Louisa Stuart speak of Wandering Willie's employment of "old times as a sort of telegraph"—"old *times*" being of course a misprint for "old *tunes*." Scott writes how he met at Loch Lomond in 1809 an old man who claimed to have been "a follower of Rob Roy, and to have been at many a foray with that redoubted freebooter;" a note might have pointed out that Rob Roy had been dead then for exactly three-quarters of a century. And another note might have corrected Scott's topographical blunder—he seldom made such—in placing Drochil Castle "on the stream which falls down on Peebles."

FRANCIS HINDES GROOME.

BOOKSELLING IN THE EAST END.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. GEORGE, OF WHITECHAPEL.

BOOKSELLERS' shops are few and far between in the East End of London. In the main thoroughfares of Aldgate and Whitechapel, in Commercial Street and the Mile End Road, a stranger might fancy himself in the midst of a population to which books were unknown. Farther east still, in Bow, Poplar, Stratford, and Canning Town, the newsagents are the sole purveyors of literature. In the entire East End there is, indeed, but one flourishing bookselling business, that of George and Son, 231, Whitechapel Road. The premises were opened by Mr. George's father in 1820, and the prosperity of the firm has steadily increased, till now a shop on the opposite side of the road has been taken to accommodate the stock. Mr. George has kindly given a representative some details about the bookselling trade in Whitechapel.

"You will notice," he said, "that we keep scarcely any of the newest books in stock. The greater part of our business is done with odd volumes, of which we have several thousands on the premises. We supply these to all parts of the world."

"Who buys the odd volumes?" our representative asked.

"Public libraries in the United States and the Colonies are our principal customers. If in any part of the world a public library is deficient in one or more volumes of a set of magazines or of a rare and expensive author, the librarian applies to us. Our speciality is long sets of magazines and

books of reference. We buy these up at sales, and sooner or later we are able to dispose of them to customers at home or abroad. Every set is thoroughly collated before it leaves our establishment, and, when necessary, we have the volumes freshly and strongly bound. The rise of free libraries has been the making of our business abroad, though it has seriously injured our position as a local firm."

"In what way?"

"Well, you see, Whitechapel people have no temptation now to buy books. They have the People's Palace Library and the new Whitechapel Library. We sold a great many books to the Palace when it started, and I may say that we have supplied some volumes to nearly every one of the free libraries that have grown up in London during the last ten years. Our experience is that very few working men care to form small libraries for themselves. After all, why should they? Mr. Ruskin expresses his disgust with people who read the well-thumbed volumes of circulating libraries, but a man whose weekly wage does not exceed thirty-five shillings for himself and family will see the matter in a different light. In Whitechapel books are distinctly luxuries, and I am certain no bookseller will ever support himself here by an entirely local trade. Nine-tenths of our business is done by correspondence, and to our customers it matters nothing whether we are located in the East End, in Paternoster Row, or in the Strand. Many of them have never visited England, and their acquaintance with us is gathered from our catalogues, which we circulate in every English-speaking land."

"And as regards the local tenth, Mr. George, I suppose you find the East End clergy and ministers among your regular customers. Your stock seems exactly of the kind that would be coveted for clerical bookshelves."

"I am afraid," said Mr. George, "that the East End clergy are not great bookbuyers. Many of the best-known local men have never been inside our doors. The claims of charity are so constant that not much is left for adding to one's library. The medical students of the London hospitals get most of their text books from us. Our oddest customers are the foreign Jews, who want primers and dictionaries of the English language."

"Can you supply them?"

"No, we send them to little Hebrew shops in the back lanes, where halfpenny and penny guides to English may be purchased. It would not be worth our while to cater for customers of that stamp. Undoubtedly one great reason why bookselling in the East has declined almost to nothing is the enormous influx of Jews from Poland, Russia, and Germany. This whole neighbourhood is a Jewish colony. The old Whitechapel families, who were customers of ours in the first half of the century, have long migrated to more attractive suburbs. We are almost the only Gentiles left in business in this road. The district has changed very much even since Walter Besant wrote 'All Sorts and Conditions of Men.' Then you might have found some quaint substantial houses, the homes of well-to-do families who had lived in the East End for generations, but now almost the last of these has been let out in tenements. We ourselves do not live in Whitechapel."

"A noticeable change has come over the tastes of book-buying artisans during the last seven years," Mr. George proceeded. "Formerly we sold a good many cheap novels. At one time we could sell a dozen shilling or two shilling novels a day, chiefly to men who looked in on their way home from work. The authors most asked for were Dickens, Miss Braddon, and Mrs. Henry Wood. Now we are so seldom asked for novels that we have given up keeping them in stock. There is a constant demand for works on socialism, and economics, and for political handbooks. Educational works are also in great request. Whether the new trades unionism is to blame, or whether the advantages given by the People's Palace, Toynbee Hall, and similar institutions, have stirred up the spirit of self-culture, it is certain that the East End is steadily becoming more serious in its reading. Working men occasionally ask us for secondhand copies of the writings of Herbert Spencer and Darwin. You will be surprised to hear that books on Theosophy are in frequent demand. There have been a good many lectures on the subject in Whitechapel, and the curiosity of the people has been roused. Working men are no longer content to be ignorant. Mathematical and even classical works find their way into the pockets of the younger artisans. But the sale is very slow, and the prospects of book-selling in this district are not likely to improve. Our hopes are entirely in the new lands beyond the seas."

Mr. George showed our representative his splendid collection of old magazines, and of richly bound English classics, nearly all of which will find their destination far away from Whitechapel. As he himself remarked, it is one of the most singular incongruities of London, to find a library which any scholar might be proud to possess, in the midst of a population whose whole energies are absorbed in the struggle for a bare subsistence.

NEW BOOKS.

THE GROWTH AND INFLUENCE OF CLASSICAL GREEK POETRY.*

This is a book from which almost any scholar may learn and which every student of literature can enjoy. Such lucid comprehensiveness, such symmetry of proportion is only possible to a man who handles his subject with the ease of perfect mastery. Eight lectures delivered in the Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore make up the volume, which opens admirably by defining the Hellenic spirit in relief against the influences dominant when it appeared in history. The freedom of Homeric life is contrasted with Egypt's priest-ridden civilisation or the secular tyranny of Assyria; Grecian chivalry and humanism with the commercial instincts of the Phœnician. The sculptures of Egypt and Assyria bear out the comparison. "Everywhere we see the king, or some great priest or official, or troops of soldiers, or prisoners or servants. Man, as seen in those sculptures, either has become superhuman, an image of deified majesty, a sacred and conventional embodiment of imperturbable, pitiless, irresistible power; or he stands in the presence of his terrible gods, the punctilious and awe-struck ministrant of some exact ritual by which he may hope to propitiate them; or he is a nameless figure in a multitude who exist only to do the will of their master, to live and toil for him, and to die. Sublimity there sometimes is in these pictures, and sometimes pathos; but a rigid prescription governs every portraiture; humanity is depicted only in certain official and conventional aspects; and the shadow of the despot or the priest rests upon them all."

Upon the Homeric question Professor Jebb merely states

* 'The Growth and Influence of Classical Greek Poetry.' By R. C. Jebb, M.P., Litt.D. (Macmillan and Co.)

his conclusions; the Iliad, originally composed in Thessaly by an Achæan minstrel, went to Ionia with the folk expelled by the great immigration towards 1100 B.C., and was there enlarged by successive poets; the history of the Odyssey was similar, but Professor Jebb finds it in his heart to believe in a divided authorship. His comment on the poems is excellent at many points; excellent in its remarks upon the direct and rapid style of these first gatherers in the meadow of the Muses, whose mental vision was "unclouded by any haze of literary reminiscence;" excellent in its exposition of characters, Achilles the hero, Odysseus the model Greek, and most interesting where it contrasts Helen with Aspasia, the position of Homer's women, with their *status* in the Periclean age; but it is not novel. Much more suggestive is his treatment of Hesiod and the later sententious or "gnomic" verse writers, who used chiefly that elegiac metre which is of all forms of verse, "the most tolerant of mediocrity." They had poets among them like Tyrtæus, and they had also men like Xenophanes and Solon, answering to Gower or Sackville in our literature; men who, in ages when verse was the only literary medium, employed its simplest forms to treat subjects not really poetical; and to whose poems, half sung, half recited, the phrase μέλη (melodies) is never applied. The Æolian "monodic" lyrists, who wrote songs for the single voice and zither accompanying it, have left a mere "handful of gold dust," of which no one can make anything but a catalogue of regrets. Upon the Dorian choral ode these lectures are at their best; nothing else in the book so vivifies the past as the description of Olympia in the chapter upon Pindar. Pindar is emphatically the possession of a few, and Professor Jebb writes of him with the enthusiasm of a sectary. Homer is the common heritage of scholars, but to understand and love Pindar is the reward of a life's labour.

Yet in a certain sense the lecturer had an easier task in treating of the lyrists, had to deal with a more communicable charm, than when he came to that of the Greek drama. All literatures develop more or less upon the same lines; the earlier types resemble each other; divergence increases with development, and "Sophocles subjects the modern mind to the severest test of a capacity for appreciating the purely Hellenic spirit in its highest form. The degree in which a modern enjoys Sophocles is not necessarily a measure of his feeling for poetry; but it may fairly be taken as a measure of his sympathy with the finest qualities of the Athenian genius."

The main thesis of the book is to show that Greek has been the leading intellectual force in history, the leaven of all literatures, because Greek poetry was more than any other the expression of a race not of this or that individual. Perhaps the case is a trifle over-stated; we see Greek literature throughout as the direct outcome of Greek life largely because we reconstruct Greek life through the medium of Greek poetry. The French literature and our own are natural growths as well as the Greek, and develop through the same phases of epic, lyric and drama. Probably indeed all literatures, save those which like the Latin are purely imitative, have the same history; and the analogy of the individual points to this. A child delights in stories, the more familiar the better; for the youth feelings are paramount, his loves and hates; the grown man relates feeling to action, and studies motive and character; here you have epic, lyric and drama in the germ. The Greek, however, is the perfect type, not merely because Homer is greater than the epic poets of France and England, Sappho and Aleaus superior to Villon and Ronsard, Wyat and Surrey; but because poetry grew up among them unaffected by external models. Theirs has acted upon later literatures, and these reacted upon one another; but the Greeks were a literary race who did not read. Not only the folk song and the ballad but the most elaborate choral ode, involved a living mouth to mouth relation between poet and audience; and the effect of this upon Greek style is admirably developed in the concluding lecture. Poetry composed for recitation was obliged to have the heat of life in it, dare not be frigid. Every Greek poet had to keep in touch with his audience as the orator does; but so (Professor Jebb seems to forget) had Shakspere, who is therefore not less quick with life than Sophocles. It is the one point they have in common. Tragedy at Athens was an act of worship; and Sophocles, who rose to be a minister of state and commanded armies, counted it a glory to have led the Dionysiac chorus. Shakspere's profession classed him with outlaws and vagabonds, and his writings were almost under a religious ban. At Athens the poet was counted a teacher, poetry "the highest influence, intellectual and spiritual, which they knew. It was not merely a recreation of their leisure, but a power pervading and moulding their whole existence." There can be no question which discipline was likely to produce the happier, saner work, the better models; yet where poetry was a matter of public concern, public opinion dictated to poets the form and something of the spirit in which they should work; they lack the morbidness of modern poetry, but they lack, too, its poignant intensity, its personal note.

S. L. GWYNN.

SEEN IN THREE DAYS.*

It will ever be a matter of argument how far a poet may be obscure. I myself hold he cannot be obscure from imperfect expression except at his peril, but that obscurity born of subtle and unusual thought must often be inevitable, unless we are to lack a whole class of poetry. No wise man rails at the great Persian poet because he was called the tongue of the secret, for we know his obscurity to have been inherent in his subjects. The average man reads poetry for amusement, or as a mere rest after the day's work, and to him there naturally seems nothing more absurd and abominable than a poem which gave him a great deal of trouble. Yet even the poetry which mingles something of the illegitimate obscurity with the legitimate is often very powerful and desirable, for poetry is not an amusement and a rest, but a fountain of ardour and peace, whither we must force our way even through briar and bramble.

Mr. Ellis's 'Seen in Three Days' has a good deal of both obscurities, or this review would not be as belated as it is. The greatest difficulty in the way of a clear comprehension of its strange pages of mingled verse and picture is the lack of any very visible story or sequence. One is tempted to think that its pages, like the leaf-inscribed oracles of the sybil of old, were tossed hither and thither by the wind, and then bound together in the order in which the wind left them. I have at last, however, puzzled out what is, I imagine, pretty nearly the correct story. Errors I may have made, for Mr. Ellis does not, like Blake, use a technical language in which every word has the same invariable interpretation.

The poem is in blank verse, with the exception of an opening sonnet describing the being of whose wanderings it is the history.

> "The great sun laughs in his eternal home
> At this poor earth, still circling round in pain,
> Yet in each little drop of rainbow'd rain,
> In each small bubl:et of the soft sea-foam,
> The same sun in a tiny crystal dome,
> From milky morning to red evening stain
> Rises and labours, shines and sets again.
> So, though not now we look to witness come
> The angel of the Presence Divine to earth,
> Yet in each heart there is a Presence Divine,
> And in each Presence has an angel.birth.
> If mine has wandered, has not also thine?
> As mine returns, lo, thine returns as well,
> Interpreting before what we would tell."

This angel of the heart enters the heart of the poet by the doorway of a dream, lifting the moon-shaped knocker.

> "Three moons had made her beauty. The sea moon
> Had given the gleam in darkness to her eyes,
> The moon that drives the milky flocks had woven
> Of whiter mist than theirs the slender breast
> Through which her childhood shone. The morning moon
> That looks on sunrise taught her wind-blown hair
> The tender secret of its dewy gold."

She has wandered for three days and two nights, and is shrinking in fear from the third night. "A chain of strange learning," the memory of what she has seen and heard, encircles her. The poet asks her history, and the chain wraps

* 'Seen in Three Days.' By E. S. Ellis. (Bernard Quaritch.)

him round. Every link is an incident and a symbol. After a vision of dumb show and blind words, painting and poetry, he listens to the story of the angel. She first saw a girl dragged from a cave by two men upon one horse, and by this is typified the alternation throughout the poem of certain opposites, love and time, sacrifice and selfishness, innocence and experience, and so on. She then saw a vision of Fate parting lovers, for this first day is to be taken up chiefly with ill-starred love. She next saw a youth dragging a stone to the edge of a precipice. He is chained to the stone, and struggles to end his life and his captivity. This is a symbol of "sacrificial victory," of life struggling towards death, driven on by some great enthusiasm, on of night, descends, like the figure in one of Blake's designs to Blair's "Grave," into the caverns of the grave, "love's home in error," and sees therein the upas tree under which are those who have wedded unhappily. The night is now upon her, and in the night she sees Life typified in a young girl wandering, with a panther, her incarnate fear, looking for Death to slay him with a look of abhorrence. The angel sees Death in the shape of four men, who typify human life, one full of pride about to begin the contest of life, another chained to him and crawling feebly towards an open grave, another digging the grave, and another, divine and beautiful, flying in the air. The last is the Death that "chills the blood,"

Gathered and showed their playthings. Mother Night
Put off old age, and raised her love-lamp high,
And the world saw, and under her dark trees
Smiled well content, and closed her flowers & slept.

Immediately its opposite rises, and she sees a youth driving a spear into the breast of a maiden, because she had asked his eyes, and so releasing himself.

> "But with defeat in sacrifice, for now
> He saved himself to die for Death alone,
> Who might have died for her."

Near at hand her sister has asked the eagle for his wing—

> "Who dares to blame the red lips of the maid
> For asking gifts? Why did God make the world,
> If not as gift-house for a maid?"

The eagle, who is a minor type of sacrificial victory, gave the wing and died. After that she saw the maiden mourning for the death of the eagle, and in a little, amid the coming but "warms the wondering, exultant soul." The sun rises, and the second day begins. The first day was devoted to love, but this is given to Time. Life, the young girl, comes out of the wood, but Fear is now in her arms disguised as a child, who apparently typifies Hope. Presently the angel sees Time changing innocence into experience. He is flinging serpents among a group of young girls who sail in a boat along a stream, which is perhaps the river of dreams. While looking at them the angel finds the child Pity in her arms. She ascends into a world of exalted contemplation, and Pity leaves her, for Pity cannot live there. She sees Beauty, "the first of all the storms Eternity let loose," defying time by the right of her immortality. Fate, "silently parting lovers," brooded over the first day, the day of love, and Beauty broods over the second day, the day of time. The angel

asks Beauty for "the stone of choice." He who lives for Beauty lives in the free will, choosing and rejecting. Beauty says that "choice" and "fear" are one, and will not give the stone. The angel flies, and sees for a moment a pastoral people at peace with time, and then a youth running along the seashore with a torch. He falls and dies, and another lights a new torch from his, and begins in his turn to run. This is the defeat of Time. Then the night begins to gather, and in the twilight she sees a woman with a child and two men who are friends, and these, with another man and woman and child who join them later, form a group and talk splendidly of love and friendship. This second night is ushered in, not by the vision of the upas tree, but by peace and love. Then the beneficent night comes, and "Mother Night put off old age and raised her love lamp high." The two nights are among the opposites typified by the two horsemen, as are also the two days, the day of love and the day of time, the day of that which desires steadfastness and the day of that which is eternal change. The third day now dawns, and combines the nature of the first and second days. The angel sees the unchanging and change typified, respectively, by the wandering Jew, who sees all things pass away, but is himself ever the same, and Pythagoras, who remembers a thousand lives and a thousand deaths. They talk together magnificently for many pages.

This abstract and partial interpretation will, in spite of its inadequacy, help the reader, I think, to read with pleasure one of the most singular poems of our time. I feel there are oppositions and correspondences in plenty which I do not understand, for the mystics cannot, or will not, let any quite pluck out the heart of their mystery. Though not equal to Mr. Ellis's 'Fate in Arcadia,' it is full of music and beauty, and the illustrations are a considerable advance upon those in the previous book. The method, too, which Mr. Ellis has adopted of writing and then lithographing his verse, instead of printing it in the ordinary way, has reduced the merely mechanical part to a minimum, and helps to make the whole vivid with personality.

The subject of the design given above is Moonrise—

> "Laughing stars
> Gathered and showed their playthings. Mother Night
> Put off old age, and raised her love-lamp high,
> And the world saw, and under her dark trees
> Smiled well content, and closed her flowers and slept."

W. B. YEATS.

TWO NOBLE LIVES.*

There is about these volumes a sure, slowly growing charm. They are fit to rank with Mr. Hare's 'Memorials of a Quiet Life,' which is in its way almost classical. At first one is disposed to think that many trivialities are inserted without reason; in the end, however, they are seen to be the touches that make up the picture. The sisters whose lives are here related were remarkable for their great beauty, their devoted, unselfish, and brave natures, and, we have no hesitation in saying, their mental power. Of the two, Lady Canning seems to have been the abler. Her husband was Governor-General of India throughout the Mutiny, and her letters written in that period are naturally of absorbing interest. They show that she had a humorous, detached, and civilised mind. Many of the passages could hardly be bettered as literature, while the womanly and wifely qualities of the writer shine through all. Mr. Hare says with honourable frankness: "The twenty-six years of Charlotte Canning's married life were chequered by many shadows. When troubles came, however, no word of complaint ever passed her lips. To those nearest to her, even to her mother, she never spoke of anything but her happiness, and whatever occurred, she had always a loving welcome for the husband to whom she had given her heart, and to whom her last earthly smile was bequeathed." Her sister was married to Lord Waterford, who was chiefly noted for his passionate devotion to hunting. He "never wavered in the most loyal and chivalrous devotion, his whole life was pervaded and influenced by hers, he sympathised with all her noble aims for the good of those around her, and honoured her for them and in them. There was never any cloud on their married life." Lady Waterford had considerable gifts as an artist; she was interested in literature, and she was sincerely religious. Both sisters were childless.

Mr. Hare has used his abundant material—mostly letters—with much skill, and there are many interesting glimpses of famous people and memorable scenes. But the value of his book—and it is very great—lies in the full and charming picture of "two noble lives." He became acquainted with Lady Waterford while engaged in preparing his excellent *Handbook to Northumberland*—one of Mr. Murray's famous series—and soon gained her fullest confidence. He has justified it amply; and the only fault we have to find with him is the excessive triteness and vapidity of many of the mottoes with which these volumes are too abundantly furnished.

* 'The Story of Two Noble Lives.' Being Memorials of Charlotte Countess Canning and Louisa Marchioness of Waterford. By Augustus J. C. Hare. Three volumes. (George Allen.)

THE NEW EGYPT.*

This book deserves a close examination and detailed criticism, but that would be impossible without entering on matters of political controversy, outside our province altogether. Yet we may be permitted to bring the book under the notice of politicians. Indeed, the delicate problem of international morality, which it states and has a strong opinion about, should have an interest for those outside ordinary political circles. At least, Mr. Adams gave the subject first-hand, if not lengthy observation, and there is too little of that beyond what is reported by officials. Were Mr. Adams' conclusions the wildest folly, yet he states certain things relating to the character, temper, faculties, and aspirations of the native Egyptians and their attitude to England and France which the most ardent anti-evacuationist should be glad to hear and to test. Like all Mr. Adams' writings, it has vigour and point and colour, and apart altogether from politics it is a highly interesting narrative of life and things in Egypt. It would be out of place to criticise the details of the workmanship of a book written, for all its vitality, amid the disadvantages of great physical suffering, and which only an unusual power of will enabled the writer to finish before his regretted death. The call of the enthusiast sounds in it, and the call should be answered by cool-headed, fair-minded examination into what he deemed the wrongs of Egypt.

* 'The New Egypt.' By Francis Adams. (Unwin.)

THE ROMANCE OF AN EMPRESS.†

M. Waliszewski's book is forbidden in Russia, like a good many others. The Russian censor has no doubt done a good turn to its publishers; but it is hardly so sensational or so scandalous as might be supposed by those who regard the Russian censorship as based on reasonable or even conceivable principles. The writer speaks of the recent investigations made among Russian documents in Russia and France, mentioning particularly—in his Avant-propos not given in the English edition—those in possession of the Vorontsoff family; but the matter in the book that is really new and was not accessible before, if some trouble were taken, is not very substantial. What M. Waliszewski has done is to give a more careful, more intelligent, and more imaginative study of the character and motives of a remarkable woman, one whose nature demands that it should be read by the light of imagination and at least intellectual sympathy. He has written the natural history of a temperament. We have had many glimpses of the great Catherine before. Nearly all who ever met her seem to have tried their hand at describing her. Through Carlyle's 'Frederick' is scattered many a picturesque epithet descriptive of the woman who could not be ignored, not because she was Empress of all the Russias, but because she was so striking a personality.

The translator has rendered M. Waliszewski's unconven-

† 'The Romance of an Empress,' Catherine II. of Russia. From the French of R. Waliszewski. 2 vols. (Heinemann.)

tional French and bright, vivacious style with great faithfulness. The only critical suggestions that need be offered to him or the English publisher are that the excellent bibliography of published and unpublished works appended to the original would have been a useful addition, and so would an index.

The historian's true instinct as to Catherine's character and career shows itself in his title. The popular idea that she is the maker of modern Russia only in a less degree than Peter the Great, fails when put to the test. Certain of her actions gave events a turn which they have not yet lost. She kept up the occidentalising movement of Peter, and her political influence did not all die with her. But her influence was mainly personal. Her career and her character are more impressive, fuller of food for speculation, when the great lawgiver, the great moulder of empire, is not looked for. To Carlyle she was a person of much interest and fascination from the beginning, "one of the cleverest young ladies in the world, and of the stoutest-hearted, clearest-eyed." And from the first there is a glamour of romance about her. Figchen playing with the burgher's children in the streets of Stettin, receiving a meagre, narrow education to fit her for some poor little humdrum German court, then called suddenly to the barbaric splendours of Moscow and St. Petersburg, married to the Grand Duke and heir of all the Russias, taking her place as if born to the purple, assimilating, for all the poverty of her education, the very spirit of the country she adopted, yet making friends with the philosophers, mounting the throne with Peter, deposing him—to put it mildly; setting aside her son, reigning sole and undisputed Empress, "the Semiramis of the North," making war with Turkey, partitioning Poland, and for all her state, and the regard and awe in which she was held, behaving just as she liked, a law to herself, in thinking, morals, and etiquette—such a career is indeed a romance.

In so serious a study of her character and motives, M. Waliszewski cannot altogether ignore such a pertinent question as, Was Catherine a cold-blooded murderess? The ghosts of Peter and of Ivan are not easily laid. But he has not presumed to settle the question. In a career like hers, and in such a country, assassination was no unlikely incident, and Catherine, so many-sided, so capable of hiding, even to herself, one part of her nature behind another, was doubtless not unwilling to accept, even to foresee, the benefit of the violence of such indiscreet adherents as Orlof and Mirovitch, without being afterwards visited by the tragic remorse of the Macbeths.

He sums up Catherine's powers by saying she was a great temperament, not a great intellect. And he has hit the truth, though in so doing he has unduly minimised her mental powers. Let her study of the philosophers have been as superficial as you will, grant that she was but an amateur, the intellect necessary to have turned a little untaught provincial German princess into a woman determined to see Russia with Russian eyes, yet determined to rule Russia by the most enlightened views of eighteenth century philosophy, was rare if not great. She showed it, too, even in her cynical abandonment of her enlightened ideas. Her dry, clear mind demanded the truth, and after the enthusiasm of her youth she saw she had been planting an alien seed, and that facts, old facts, were stubborn. To Diderot she says, "Vous, vous ne travaillez que sur le papier, qui souffre tout; il est tout uni, souple, et n'oppose d'obstacle ni à votre imagination ni à votre plume; tandis que moi, pauvre impératrice, je travaille sur la peau humaine, qui est bien autrement irritable et chatouilleuse." Did she ever tell her real thoughts? The Revolution frightened her, and she recoiled and became reactionary. But in the cynicism of her later days, was there not despair? So one is inclined to read this:—"In 1774, in talking with Diderot, who spoke with some disgust of the dirtiness that he had noticed in the peasants round St. Petersburg, the Empress demanded: 'Why should they look after a body which is not their own?'"

But her greatest power was probably not strictly mental, nor was it the power of beauty. It was something mysterious that spread outward from her own personality. "Her figure," writes Rulhière, "is noble and agreeable, her bearing proud; her person and her demeanour full of grace. Her air is that of a sovereign." Yet it was something inner that impelled. "She is kind and affable," says the Chevalier D'Eon, "but, when she comes near me, I draw back with a movement which I cannot control. She frightens me."

In her practical spirit, her power over persons rather than ideas, yet her power of adapting these, M. Waliszewski finds a proof that hers was "an intelligence solely organised for politics." Perhaps he is right, carefully construed. She would have been a leader anywhere, though, it may be, always as an adapter, organiser, administrator, playing the part that represents politics in every sphere of interest. Her quickness of perception of the bearings of a situation that made her loutish but not unappreciative husband call her Madame la Ressource, was at least more conveniently used in politics than elsewhere. But he seems to think that she was only a politician even by accident. "It was love," he says, "that brought Catherine into the domain of politics." She was a politician before she had a lover, she was a politician at fifteen, and so good a one all her life because she knew how to use her lovers in politics. Poland would have been partitioned even had she not had to find a throne for Stanislas Poniatowski. About her lovers, Carlyle declared himself to be profoundly uninterested. But he who writes her romance cannot pass over this matter, not unimportant if one judges by their expense, 92,820,000 roubles. Their history is a memorable and interesting one, and it is given here with no unnecessary scandal.

Carlyle, who was evidently her sincere admirer, says somewhere that to these discarded lovers she always behaved like a gentleman. That was apt, and her gentlemanly, not virtuous nor strictly honourable, but high-bred conduct, touched other matters and occasions. Her magnanimity, her absence of petty vanity, her incapability of petty suspicions, all betoken the grand temperament.

But inferences as to her character are hardly so interesting as Catherine's descriptions of herself. She was self-deceived when she sat down to translate the 'Iliad,' and when she gibed at Kosciusko, and planned paper constitutions, but the truth about herself wells out in that memoir of hers, in her letters to Grimm and others. "By nature I am constrained to will terribly what I will, and there you have what I am worth." This is none the less true, that her will worked often in conjunction with her changing caprices. She was extremely modest. "I have had nothing but luck." And she is perfectly aware of her failure to carry through the thousand and one schemes she has put on paper. "I am *a beginner* by profession," is her strong phrase. She was original in the best way, in ordinary life, which means she regulated her conduct by reason, sometimes, by her desires, nearly always; by convention, after she was her own mistress, hardly ever. "If any one ventures to criticise her choice of friends and lovers, she replies: 'Before being what I am I was thirty-three years what others are, and it is not quite twenty years that I have been what they are not. And that teaches one how to live.'"

A fascinating character for psychological study, and M. Waliszewski has made the most of his opportunities in this entertaining yet becomingly serious book. Throughout he is her critic, a stern one, not as regards her morals only, about which all are agreed, but her powers and her schemes as well. In his tone you feel popular sympathy and indignation rising up against the enlightened Czarina who never raised her hand to help the poor, but this is tempered by a severe and just historical spirit, and in weighing her in the balance he has been singularly fair. G-Y.

CARMAN SÆCULARE.*

From poems printed in American and English magazines, and others circulated privately, one had awaited Mr. Carman's first volume with more than usual interest. Here it is! nor does it fall short in quality; it is the limit of its quantity that just dashes one's complete satisfaction with a regret that its author decided to include only "those pieces that happened to be in the same key." He has done work in many other keys; and at least one poem, "In November," so in accord with these lyrics, that (odd as it

* 'Low Tide on Grand Pré.' A Book of Lyrics. By Bliss Carman. (David Nutt.) 5s. net.

may seem to offer an omission by way of a sample of the volume), is so concise and so full of his particular distinction of utterance, we may quote it in full:

"With apple-bloom and scented buds of May
And sweet winds born, how should the summer know,
When sweeps of leafless hills are desolate grey,
The soft ethereal beauty of the snow?
But we came through the spring, and still, below
The passion for all sensuous loveliness,
Remember a white eternity aglow
With silent dawn, still aired and passionless."

In its last four lines this huitain may fairly represent Mr. Carman's attitude toward nature, which he does not employ as a picturesque background to human anecdote; but rather as one who feels himself part of that "secret presence through Creation's veins" which takes all shapes.

The opening lyric, which entitles the book, is in somewhat unusual form, if only in the word of each final line being reiterated in place of a true rhyme. This trick, permissible to a certain extent in French poetry, is a mannerism with Edgar Allan Poe, and too insistent in a recent poem by Mr. Carman, "The Red Wolf," where the word "door" ends each alternative line of twenty-five quatrains. Here it comes with a distinct beauty, as, for instance, in the fourth stave:

"Was it a year or lives ago
We took the grasses in our hands,
And caught the summer flying low
Over the waving meadow-lands,
And held it there between our hands?"

Surely one may claim very high distinction of style for this. Throughout the poems are many dainty conceits, as, for example:

"This little life is flesh and bone,
With meagre portions of white sleep."

Or again:

"And all the world is but a scheme
Of busy children in the street."

The nature Mr. Carman depicts is far from the railway station, and the townsman's occasional rapture over landscape seen at intervals between comfortable meals and well-aired beds. In "The Vagabonds," one of the most memorable poems herein, among many fine passages comes this:

"We have forgotten where we slept,
And guess not where we sleep to-night,
Whether among the lonely hills,
By the pale streamer's ghostly light,

We shall lie down and hear the frost
Walk in the dead leaves restlessly,
Or somewhere on the iron coast
Learn the oblivion of the sea."

The lines italicized appear doomed to pass into that very limited anthology every true lover of poetry carries in his heart; and while the use of "on" in the penultimate line betrays the idiom of a country that meets a man "on" the street, the trifling strangeness is not distasteful. Despite its singular fitness upon a volume of verse, "Bliss Carman" is not a pseudonym, but the patronym of a British subject, born in Canada, and loyal to English ideals. His book is one of the few of those 1893 has left us which deserve to obtain a quiet but lasting popularity.

GLEESON WHITE.

DR. GARNETT'S POEMS.*

A good many of the poems here must be familiar to those who read modern poetry at all; some of them appeared in the volume called 'Io in Egypt,' published first as early as 1859. They are such as one likes to meet again—friendly, genial, and sincere. The Muse must often have been jealous of Dr. Garnett's other learned mistresses, for she has had the exclusive devotion she exacts from many who were not so manifestly called to her service.

'Io in Egypt,' 'Nausicaa,' and the other poems on classical subjects, and in blank verse, have not the Tennysonian sweetness of 'Ulysses' and 'Ænone,' with which they suggest comparison, but there belongs to them a certain grandeur of expression that makes us feel here was Dr. Garnett's clearest chance of being a greater poet. They are but snatches, pictures held up for a moment or two, and their number is much too few. But there is nothing coldly imitative about them, none of the deathlike chill that hangs about most English poems of the kind. Nausicaa's grief is still warm here as her resolve to wrestle "with the lithe Protean sea," and find her fate:

"For of three things the one, either I find
My Ithacan, my royal mariner,
Safe sceptred with the grey Penelope;
Then will I sue and serve her, spinning out
My heartstrings with her wool, until I die.
Or haply she has perished, and I crowd
Long anguish into momentary death,
Or liker, veers the blast, fills the frail bark,
And o'er it mourns the sorrow of the sea."

But these poems are few, and we turn to the shorter lyrics They are rugged and hardy, most of them, and with a quiet melancholy which is never enervating. Some half dozen could be quoted that are specially distinguished, 'Even Star,' 'The Island of Shadows,' 'The Friend of Greece,' 'More,' 'The Sea of Soul,' but a 'Rondel' will best illustrate the lyrics at their gracefullest, if not their highest point:

"When lingering Love belated came,
And found the willing spirit young,
Day's heaven was all an airy flame,
To skies of Night a sunshine clung,
O'er wild and waste a charm was flung.
Earth was not earth, or sea the same
When lingering Love belated came,
And found the willing spirit young.

And now, though fires of Love be tame,
And songs of Love no more be sung,
Be patient, heart, nor idly blame
The lip unkissed, the lyre unstrung.
Lingering he went who lingering came,
And left the soul for ever young."

There are a few poems humorous in purpose, of which one regrets the inclusion, 'Seven Devils,' for instance, and 'Our Crocodile.' The subjects preclude the idea of their being merely funny; their grimness is ugly, but unimpressive, while the serious appeal of the daughter in the former is, with the context, grotesque, and even comic. On the other hand, 'The Highwayman's Ghost" is a success. Some legends from the Portuguese and Roumanian have been rendered with all their native simplicity, and one of them, 'Miora,' is exquisite. The lamb warns the shepherd of coming treachery, but the shepherd will not flee. Perhaps he thinks he has already had the best of life. But he still cares where he will be laid—"by the wattled fold"—after the traitors have had their will of him:

"And on my grassy grave be laid
The three fair flutes myself have made
Of linden-wood, whose tones prevail
Against the lark and nightingale.

In the sweet hollow flutes at eve
The wind melodiously will grieve,
And all my lambs will hear and think
Of him who gave them food and drink.

But if my mother come this way,
Seeking for me, then must thou say,
To a far country did he fare,
And wed a monarch's daughter there."

Not the least remarkable feature of the volume is Dr. Garnett's series of sonnets. They may not have the ringing sound of the greatest of their kind, but they are compactly built of thought. We leave his poems with real liking and respect. There is no passion in them, little heat of any kind. But they are true metal, fashioned by a craftsman who having lived all his life among the best models, will have nothing common or flimsy in his own work, and who yet uses with sincerity his own designings rather than another's.

'Poems.' By Richard Garnett. (E. Mathews and John Lane.)

RIP VAN WINKLE.*

Mr. Boughton's illustrations to the famous legend which no one ever told so gracefully as Washington Irving, are very charming. The shrewd humour with which Irving

permitted himself to treat the strange story, and which never took away from its weirdness, the illustrator has caught exactly. One can have nothing but praise for the work he has put into this pretty book. The above illustration from the 'Legend of Sleepy Hollow,' shows Ichabod studying to gain the affections of Van Tassel's daughter.

THE CELTIC TWILIGHT.†

Mr. Yeats's book does not first of all suggest remarks upon its author or its style. When you have read it you do not at once say, how well written, or how ill. It is the thing the book stands for that fills most of your mind. It stands for something difficult to define; it marks a station in a revival, and I know no other book which is so sure a sign of the conscious progress of that revival. Certain persons should be warned off it. Were it only a collection of Irish folklore and fairy tales, the warning would not be wanted, for though stories have their characters and temperaments, they have mostly something to say to all; they can be grasped, at least, by intellectual sympathy. But the significance of this book is not in its stories, but in its spirit, a spirit friendly to some minds, strange and hostile to others, and beyond all human will to alter in this regard. Mr. Yeats calls it, for his immediate purpose, the Celtic temperament, and the term, if narrow, is convenient. It expresses itself in desires and dreams that do not visit many who yet have the high gifts, intellect, imagination, sympathy. The wall of non-understanding that rises so often between the best, with its foundations deep down at the birth of the races, is among the great mysteries of the world. So while to some these tales and reveries will have but little meaning, to others they will seem of strong significance and beauty. There have been many literary epochs strongly influenced by Celtic imagination. If another lies just before us, if the current be not suddenly changed, there are signs that this influence will be stronger than ever. For the Celtic spirit, in its late excursions into the land of its youth, has renewed that youth; it is gathering about it all the forces of reaction, and more than any time these last few hundred years is it in a mood to assert its part in art and literature. And this book is a sign thereof.

There is in it a great deal about dhouls and fairies, but it does not belie its title: there are men and women, too. Human life in this world of imagination counts for much, human life of a homely simple kind, that is, the kind that hinders least the intrusion of the other world. The proof is in the abundant humour. In "The Untiring Ones," "The Man and his Boots," the humour is quaint and poetical, in "The Thick Skull of the Fortunate" it is perhaps a little alien to the subject. For there are irrelevancies in the book, and to one of them, "The Religion of a Sailor," we owe a fine story, which is too good to be said to be in the wrong place. "'Why, sur, we war in mid Atlantic, and I standin' on the bridge, when the third mate comes up to me lookin' mortial bad. Says he, 'Captain, all's up with us.' Says I, 'Didn't you know when you joined that a certain percentage go down every year?' 'Yes, sur,' says he; and says I, 'Arn't you paid to go down?' 'Yes, sur,' says he, and says I, 'Then go down like a man, and be damned to you!'" Even the aggravating habits of the ghosts are humorous. "To approach the village at night a timid man requires great strategy. A man was once heard complaining, 'By the Cross of Jesus! how shall I go? If I pass by the hill of Dunboy, old Captain Burney may look out on me. If I go round by the water, and up the steps, there is the headless one and another on the quays, and a new one under the old churchyard wall. If I go right round the other way, Mrs. Stewart is appearing at Hillside Gate, and the devil himself is in the Hospital Lane.'" There is humour combined with homely sense, too, in some of the moods and their illustrative tales, in the story of how Collumcille cheered up Paddy Flynn's mother, for instance. "'How are you to-day, mother?' said the saint. 'Worse,' replied the mother. 'May you be worse to-morrow,' said the saint. The next day Collumcille came again, and exactly the same conversation took place, but the third day the mother said, 'Better, thank God.' And the saint replied, 'May you be better to-morrow.'" But many of the stories and the reveries wander far from such familiar fields.

The chapter on Black Magic is a little unconvincing or unimpressive. It reminds one of the pranks that Gautier and his friends used to play in less solemn mood, with skull and crossbones and bowl of blood. And one would like to combat Mr. Yeats' "Remonstrance with Scotsmen for having soured the Disposition of their Ghosts and Fairies," if one had more space and—a surer case. For there is some reason in his expostulation. A terrible side exists to the faery belief in Scotland, but the ministers are not all to blame. It is more inevitable than that. The Highland Celt, untouched by ministers, is a gloomier, more tragic person than his Irish cousin. Yet the lighter, gracefuller side is not lacking. Mr. Yeats forgets, for he must know this. His Carolan should make him think of Thomas of Ercildoune, and the many, many legends of which Kilmeny is the modern type, and at least a third of all the ballad lore of Scotland.

I have spoken of the significance of the book, but a poor book may be significant, and I make haste to own the beauty of its workmanship, and its fine sense of art, which might be amply proved by extracts were it not better that readers should read from the book itself and catch all its tones.

Concerning the perils of "the vast and vague extravagance of the Celtic imagination," one hears enough, as of how the enthusiasm for the occult, the love of faerie, the search for hidden things, steal the sap from human vigour. But are not the enthusiasm and the love rather compensatory in their nature? When human life is full of vigour and prosperity, its eyes are mostly closed to the dim kingdom full of images. Does not the vision of Hy-Brazel come to

* 'Rip Van Winkle,' and 'The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.' By Washington Irving. Illustrated by G. R. Boughton, A.R.A. (Macmillan.)

† 'The Celtic Twilight.' Men and Women Dhouls and Faeries. By W. B. Yeats. (Lawrence and Bullen.)

unhappy men? And yet, if you desire a picture of the visionary power reduced to futility, you will find it in the confession of this visionary. "One day I saw faintly an immense pit of blackness, round which went a circular parapet, and on this parapet sat innumerable apes eating precious stones out of the palms of their hands. The stones glittered green and crimson, and the apes devoured them with an insatiable hunger. I knew that I saw the Celtic Hell, the Hell of the artist, and that all who sought after beautiful and wonderful things with too avid a thirst, lost peace and form and became shapeless and common." By this judgment would there not stand condemned one thing in the book, a beautiful passage it is, too, in the preface? "Hope and Memory have one daughter, and her name is Art, and she has built her dwelling far from the desperate field where men hang out their garments upon forked boughs to be banners of battle." But though in the din of strife Art cannot long abide, in her greater moods she has often lingered awhile beneath the forked boughs, and the tawdry banners of human belief have sped her on immortal errands.

The invitation of such a book to pierce the veil and sojourn in the dim kingdom where there is never darkness, rather than on the dull earth lit by gas lamps, because the night fell on it long ago, carries with it a warning—the promise of loneliness, and that is the utmost terror to those to whom it is a terror at all. A fine thing it is to see the faery host, but, says this seer,

> "If any gaze on our rushing band,
> We come between him and the deed of his hand,
> We come between him and the hope of his heart."

It is a great thing to have Nature for a familiar friend, but she is jealous of your kith and kin, and will have you say with faithful tongue,

> "Love is less kind than the grey twilight,
> And hope is less dear than the dew of the morn."

There are some to whom to say this is simple. But the wanderers will always be few from warm human firesides right into the heart of the dim land. G-Y.

STUDENT'S ROMAN EMPIRE.*

Schoolmasters owe Professor Bury a debt of gratitude. The personal history of the first great Cæsars is as fascinating as a novel; the events which happened under their rule have largely shaped the history of the world; the visible memorials of their greatness still defy decay almost everywhere throughout Europe, while the literature of the period remains a living force in every civilized region of the world. Yet curiously enough "there exists no English handbook" dealing with this part of history, and "suitable for use in Universities and Schools." Professor Bury has admirably supplied this defect by the present work, which is in shape and character exactly parallel to the well-known 'Student's Greece' and 'Rome' edited in the same series by Sir W. Smith, but is superior to them not only in the illustrations, which (notably as regards the busts of the Emperors) are of remarkable excellence, but also in the clearness and vivacity of the narrative, which is not a mere condensation of larger histories, but a sound piece of original work. It ought to be of great service to boys in helping them to reduce to order their usually chaotic knowledge of all events in Roman history after the death of Augustus; to more advanced students it should prove an extremely handy book of reference, while no one can turn over its pages without meeting interesting information not easily obtainable in ordinary books. Take for instance—and what better instance could there be?—the rise of Christianity. It has been sketched by the masterly but malignant pen of Gibbon, and it is discussed in countless ecclesiastical works, but it is by no means easy to find a short and succinct account of its growth as part and parcel of the Roman Empire, and treated rather as a matter of historical than of theological interest. We all know something vaguely about the Neronian persecution, the *impulsore Chresto* or *Christo* of Suetonius, and the rescript of Trajan to Pliny, but what we know about them is, as a rule, known quite apart from its true historical setting, and therefore only imperfectly grasped and understood. A book of this sort is of immense value for putting such loose and disorderly scraps of knowledge into their proper place. It will, moreover, not merely systematize but increase the knowledge of most people. How many people, for instance, are acquainted with Philo's account of an embassy of Jews to Caligula, when he resolved to set up his own image in the Holy of Holies at Jerusalem? Probably very few; and yet, for its supreme dramatic interest, for its marvellous blending of tragedy and comedy, the account of that interview is one of the most wonderful things in history. From room to room of a new palace he was inspecting, the stately bearded Rabbis danced after the clever lunatic Emperor, whose lightest word meant life or death. Imagine their feelings when, after they had described in formal phrase the repeated sacrifices they had offered on his behalf, the madman replied with a scowl, "Yes, ye sacrifice *for* me, but not *to* me." Picture their faces as he suddenly turned round and enquired, "Pray, gentlemen, why do not you eat pork?" or think of the relief when they were dismissed the Imperial presence with the exclamation, "Men who think me no god are, after all, more unfortunate than criminal." The story is admirably told in Merivale (c. xlvii. s.f.); in Prof. Bury it naturally suffers from compression (for instance, he does not give the famous ending of the question about pork), but still the main part of it is there, and it may serve as an illustration of many interesting things not generally known, but to be found in this excellent book. T. E. PAGE.

* 'Student's Roman Empire.' (27 B.C.—180 A.D.) By Professor J. B. Bury. With Maps and Illustrations. pp. 638. (London: John Murray, 1893.) Price 7s. 6d.

MEN, WOMEN, AND BOOKS.*

These are slighter things than Mr. Birrell gave us in 'Obiter Dicta,' but he has the rare gift of being slight without being slipshod, and let us therefore not be ungracious. He does not ask these essays to be taken very seriously, offers them merely as friendly chat over books he has enjoyed, and hopes they will remind a reader of the time he spent in like good company. If you are tempted now and then to disagree with him in these papers—in his statement of Johnson's opinions, in his over-contemptuous dismissal of Gay, or his contradictory estimate of Bolingbroke, you are soon reminded by his manner that it is but light, pleasant talk he is giving you, after all; impressions, moods of the moment, which are not best met by argument.

Mr. Birrell is a fine and a judicious critic; here the critic is not uppermost, but rather the deeply enjoying reader of books. He has all the qualities of a good reader, enough learning for all practical purposes, a good memory, a past with leisure in it, and as few prejudices and affectations as anyone alive. He is inquisitive about books, and has a talent for extracting something of human interest out of the most unpromising. As an accomplished and successful reader, even Mr. Leslie Stephen must give way; his dislikes are too pronounced; he is less of a man of the world. Akin to this is Mr. Birrell's capacity for using the good criticism of others. Epigrams, apt and full of meaning, he brings out of the obscurity with which the short memory of the world has wrapped them about, and in his hands their life is revived.

The best of the book is contained in one or two general essays on bookish subjects. "Old Books and New" is of the cheeriest description. The century in its old age is growing nervous about the supply of literature in the future, just as some persons disturb themselves seriously about the exhaustion of the coal-fields of England or of the heat in the sun. The question is not of small but of great books. "Sermons and sonnets, and even 'clergy-poets,' may be counted upon, but they will only affront the appetites they can never satisfy. What will be wanted are Sam Wellers, Captain Costigans, and Jane Eyres—poetry that lives, controversy that bites, speeches that stir the imagination." So says the nervous old century. What does it matter? asks Mr. Birrell. "The lull may also be a relief. Of all odd crazes, the craze to be for ever reading new books is one of the oddest." A reviewer naturally turns to "Authors and Critics," and he will be excused if he quotes from it, especially as it is very flattering to the

* 'Essays on Men, Women, and Books.' By Augustine Birrell. (E. Stock.)

general reader. Like all true lovers of literature, Mr. Birrell hates theories and cults, and he has a wholesome way of snubbing those who would turn the reading world into a mutual improvement society or essay club. "Everything is taken seriously in these grim days, even short stories. There is said to be a demand for short stories, begotten, amongst many other things, by that reckless parent, the Spirit of the Age. There is no such demand. The one and only demand poor wearied humanity has ever made, or will ever make, of the story-teller, be he as long-winded as Richardson or as breathless as Kipling, is to be made self-forgetful for a season." The rest of the essay is mostly taken up with snubbing the reviewers, who think—and the authors who share their opinion—that they make or mar the reputation of a book. The criticism that tells is never written down at all, Mr. Birrell believes. And he puts in a plea for mercy, on commonsense as well as Christian grounds. "There is no need to be so angry. A dishonest and lazy plumber does more harm in a week than all the poetasters of the Christian era." He bids us remember the words of Keats, "The sure way, Bailey, is first to know a man's faults, and then be passive."

There may be the stamp of hurry or of not over serious leisure on some of the essays, but they have wisdom in them, nevertheless.

NOVEL NOTES.

MR. BAILEY-MARTIN. By Percy White. Heinemann.

When Mr. Bailey-Martin wrote his autobiography, someone, his candid sister Florence, perhaps, must have hypnotised him into telling the truth. He professes a great regard for truth, and would certainly have given some such account in talking to himself. But, in spite of moral obtuseness, he would, in speaking aloud, have made some slight modification of the facts and reflections, by way, for instance, of not outdoing Rousseau in the nakedness of his confessions. This is hardly offered as a criticism. You need no more than a slight suggestion of outside and truth-compelling influence acting on the hero to grasp the situation with ease, and to begin the enjoyment of one of the cleverest novels that we have seen for many a day. "Mr. Percival Bailey-Martin, a hyphenated aristocrat and an ex-member of Parliament," was born in the neighbourhood of his father's shop in a by-street near Charing Cross. The shop soon after blossomed into "The Amalgamated Oloptic Stores," and the family migrated to Surbiton, and fought for a place among suburban aristocrats. At Bland's, where he was sent to associate with the sons of the gentry and nobility, in preparation for the Church, he unlearnt—after threats of a kicking—the plebeian and suburban vice of bragging, and made the early philosophic reflection that "to get on in life, not too much swagger, but just swagger enough, is most needed"—which reminds one of the late Master of Balliol's advice, "It is a good thing to be a pushing young man, Mr. ——, but it is not a good thing to be thought a pushing young man." Mr. Bailey-Martin's after-career was worthy of this precocious feat of worldly wisdom. If he fawned, he was also perfeetly aware of the advantage of seeming to have an independent temper of his own. It is not the study of a snob Mr. White has given us, but rather the development of a snob. Now, it would be a sad thing were all the snobbery in England to mean moral degradation of this kind. It does not, for many of the folk who read with avidity the biographies of peers' babies, and scheme for introduction into "good houses," have saving graces. They are honest, kindly folks, some of them, with only a little mental obliquity. But it may also be a symptom of a disease that has captured the system, and then we have a Bailey-Martin, who escapes from the safeguards that even snobbery puts on conduct, and to whom no meanness and cruelty are too despicable. But he is a perfectly natural person; it would be difficult to point to a passage where Mr. White has really exaggerated. He has not made his snob too stupid. Your man of the world mustn't be stupid. He must pick things up, and Mr. Bailey-Martin did so, at Bland's, at his public school, at Oxford, at the Bar, at the Celibate, at the Scalp Hunters. No saintly devotee ever took more interest in her progress from earth to heaven than he did in his from suburbanism to the tone of the peerage, and he is patronisingly grateful to the Scalp Hunters, a Bohemian club, because it taught him to unbend. Eminently adaptable, infinitely audacious, sublimely impudent, he can talk unwholesome philosophy with Lady Gertrude, turn his one interview with his noble father-in-law, in which he was all but kicked, into a graceful newspaper paragraph of great benefit to himself, and win over the pious electors of Dichester by magic-lantern lectures on the Holy Land. But he is no Uriah Heep. He will always play a bold game; and when after his poor wife's death society cuts him, he takes a proud and spirited stand, which was not the least politic thing he could do. At the end he has Mimi and her villa at Cannes, and the supreme comfort of absolute freedom from remorse.

Among the characters of the book there is not a failure; all the Bailey-Martins are good; Lord Righton is excellent, and so are the members of his highly disagreeable family. Such satire is worth writing. It is not flogging dead follies or obscure follies, but follies that are only too familiar. Take away from the average man a little of his affections, and all his responsibilities; add some impudence, and the production of a Bailey-Martin is highly probable. We congratulate Mr. White on the vigour, and the vitality of his novel.

LADY WILLIAM. By Mrs. Oliphant. 3 vols. (Macmillan.)

Mrs. Oliphant has written no novel for a long time of keener interest and better workmanship. She is in her element here, among country society, just bordering on county society, and having links even with the peerage. It is not a humdrum life to Mrs. Oliphant, but presents to her many types and much room for incident. Perhaps some of the personages are a trifle melodramatic—Mrs. Swinford, for instance, the old lady with the dark past, who is not received at court, and conceives so deadly a hate for Lady William, and Artémise the Bohemian, actress and village schoolmistress by turns. Lady William lives in a little house and is poor, but she is the daughter-in-law of the Marquis of Pakenham, and the well-to-do county folks think it is exasperating she takes precedence of them. Her daughter, a plain, bluff girl, gives promise of being censorious and dictatorial in a few years, but at present she is of the unaffected, straightforward type that Mrs. Oliphant has much liking for. Then the family at the Rectory play an important part, and their poor, pretentious, moral worldliness is cleverly and not too harshly drawn. Jim, the ne'er-do-well son, is treated with real humour. Stupid and simple-minded, and with a taste for low company, his attempts at patronage of those who unostentatiously do him a good turn, are amusing indeed. The plot, which turns on the difficulty of proving Lady William's marriage to Lord Pakenham's disreputable son, is rather poorly wrought out. Wilkie Collins would have made it of thrilling interest, but he could not have interpreted the characters with greater skill, nor could he have been so effective, yet so gentle a satirist. Mrs. Oliphant knows her world, how they think and talk, and what they aspire to. She strikes no false notes.

THE AWKWARD SQUADS, and Other Stories. By Shaw F. Bullock. (Cassell.)

South Ulster stories have a lively promise of factions and faction fights about them. But Mr. Bullock's are not partisan stories; you might guess where lie his sympathies, but his eye is impartial. They are all good, though their writer, as yet, is more of an observer than a story-teller. In the 'Awkward Squads,' for instance, there is abundance of real Irish fun in the incidents and in the speech, but it is hardly welded together into a thing of fun. The other stories, where vivacity of narrative is not so essential, are better in execution. 'One of the Unfortunate' is really an admirable and most unconventional study of character. Michael Loughy's career is drawn by a man who knows not only average Irish nature well, but the possible exceptions too. Loughy's biographer is also his earnest advocate, who gives him even more than his due for his honesty, industry, his pathetically lofty ambitions, and pities him for his fall, even though he knows advocacy is all in vain at the court of the world for a man to whom the gods have given the worst

gift in their bestowing—a humourless, ungenial nature. Mr. Bullock's stories are not idylls. They tell of things harsh, and sad, as well as humorous. They are realistic in their method. Whether you like their method or not, they are stories of uncommon vigour and ability.

HARTMANN THE ANARCHIST. By Edgar Fawcett. (E. Arnold.)

The Duke of Argyle is responsible for the suggestion from which this story sprang. "Yet there is a real impediment in the way of man navigating the air, and that is the excessive weight of the only great mechanical moving powers hitherto placed at his disposal. When science shall have discovered some moving power greatly lighter than any we yet know in all probability the problem will be solved," he says in 'The Reign of Law,' and some Anarchists read his words with special interest. Hartmann, their chief, invented a silvery-grey substance, extremely hard and lighter than cardboard. The aeronef he made of it, somewhere about the year 1920, was capable of working terrible havoc, and Hartmann, a kind of exaggerated Souvarine without his mild manners, brought about the destruction of London, and happily of himself. The story is better than most forecast stories of its kind, pessimistic or optimistic. It has coherence, and the characters, even the fiendish ones, are human. The weakness is reserved for the last few paragraphs where all difficulties are dismissed in this kind of fashion: "You know how order was once more completely re established . . . how gradually the Empire recovered from the shock, etc." We don't know, and for our guidance we should like to.

UNDER THE YOKE. By Ivan Vazoff. Heinemann's International Library. Vol. xiv. (Heinemann.)

The first book translated from the Bulgarian into English is bound to have an interest of its own. That it contains, too, a story of stirring times still fresh in the memories of those that are not the most venerable among us, is a matter of additional interest. It is a story that enlists our keen sympathies for the hopes, the foiled efforts, the heroism, and the suffering of which it tells. Let 'Under the Yoke' present itself with these recommendations, and it will find readers. To label it a masterpiece, as Mr. Gosse does, is to do it wrong. It is not even a good novel, but it is a book full of sincerity and enthusiasm, with many scattered passages of real power—the book of a genius, if you will—and M. Vazoff is a writer for a young country to be justly proud of. The story, a formless one, is of a futile insurrection to throw off the Turkish yoke just before the Russo-Turkish war. The central character is an escaped political prisoner from the fortress of Diarbekir, who, in the guise of a district schoolmaster, carries on a revolutionary propaganda. When the troubles begin he flies to the hills and woods, where he lives protected by his own brave heart, and the kindliness of the Bulgarians, who will not betray him. Leader of the insurrection that ends so lamentably, he escapes the slaughter only to fall into the hands of the Turkish gendarmes, and dies fighting to the last, his sweetheart and his friend sharing his fate. M. Vazoff makes us understand the workings of Bulgarian hearts and minds, but he hardly makes us feel the living presence of Bulgarians. He is better at drawing plans than pictures. In the story of the oppression there is no exaggeration. A humane spirit seems to flow from the writer's pen; we feel in him a man of many sides, many sympathies. He presents no over-gloomy impression, in spite of the tragedy of the end. Indeed, his observation of life leads him to say this, "With all its hardships, bondage has yet this one advantage: it makes a nation merry. Where the arena of political and scientific activity is closely barred, where the desire of rapid enrichment finds no stimulant, and far-reaching ambition has no scope for its development, the community squanders its energy on the trivial and personal cares of its daily life, and seeks relief and recreation in simple and easily obtainable material enjoyment. . . . When a man is irretrievably ruined he often puts a bullet through his head, or ends his life in some equally rapid and decisive manner. But a nation, however hopeless its bondage, never ends its own existence; it eats, drinks, begets children. It enjoys itself." Interesting! Is it true? There is much humour and human nature in the book. The unsuspecting bey listening to the revolutionary songs in the theatre is a delightful scene, and so is that where Marko, the staid father of a family, yet pledged to the insurrection by his conscience against his interest, says, of his children:

"'Thank goodness, they're out of it at least. God bless 'em. I'm in for it, that's quite enough.' But a bitter thought occurred to him, he added sadly, 'What, haven't the rascals got blood in their veins? Have I brought them up to be traders? But no—no—let 'em keep aloof, one in a house is enough.'" Going home he finds a large cupboard secretly turned into a regular arsenal, and the old grandmother says the boys have done it, "they're in and out of it all day up to something." "Marko became confused. 'The devil take the young brigands,' he cried, scratching his head. . . . . Mad—mad! God bless 'em!'"

The translator has had a difficult task, which she has done very creditably. It is not her fault that the story drags so often. Only when the writer is at a white heat of enthusiasm does he command all our attention.

MIMI'S MARRIAGE. A Sketch. By V. Mikoulitch. Pseudonym Library. (Unwin.)

'Mimi's Marriage,' says the translator, is "considered a masterly if somewhat cynical delineation of Russian society in the present day." So it may be, and, of course, there is much that is peculiarly Russian about it; but take away the local accent and colour, and what remains will stand as a picture very true of some other societies, too. Its parallel will be found in England or anywhere else, where a brainless girl is brought up to marry a rich husband, and who has, for a conscience, a finely inculcated sense of public propriety. Her life will have no great sin, perhaps—Mimi's had not—but a good many great sinners will have fairer souls. Mimi is, indeed, a masterly picture of graceful, soulless stupidity. She comes to no bad end—the writer knows life too well for that. After her love affair with Valerian she returns from the mountains to the well-bred family circle, seemingly as feminine and graceful and innocent as ever. The satire is light, and the story is mellowed by a strain of sympathy. Vava is like a sweet scent in it, the little alien growing up in a worldly, hollow society into a pure idealist. She had many difficulties about her soul—for she at least had a soul—and once thought of writing to Tolstoi, but was ashamed to. Afterwards she heard that one of her friends had done it, and she was glad she had refrained. "As if every little beetle could venture to trouble such a sun." In the mountains, while Mimi gains a dandified lover, Vava makes friends, and expands like a young flower in the sun and air. She, too, goes back to the old life, but with her persistent idealism what will she make of it? The writer has interested us so keenly in these two, that one likes to follow them in thought over many years. Most unpretentious in form, this little tale does not every day meet its equal in skill and knowledge of human nature. But the translator writes bad English.

POLLY OLIVER'S PROBLEM. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. (Gay and Bird.)

There is less of Mrs. Wiggin herself in this story than in the earlier ones we have read. Readers hearing of her growing repute, and making acquaintance with her first through 'Polly Oliver,' would be inclined to think the mantle of Miss Alcott had fallen on her, but that she had little individuality of her own. In which case they are recommended to read 'Timothy's Quest.' But we do not write disparagingly of the book before us. A novel for girls, the tone is high, healthy, and bracing. How Polly, a wholesome type of American girl, was enabled to banish the hated "boarders" and make a career for herself, and how the career was the fascinating one of giving courses of, not lectures, but stories, to favoured little boys and girls, should give a fillip to the imagination and resolution of English girls, too. Yet we cannot admit that the book has the genius of 'Timothy's Quest,' or the charm of 'A Cathedral Courtship.'

RED DIAMONDS. By Justin McCarthy. 3 vols. (Chatto and Windus.)

Mr. McCarthy's invention continues to be marvellously rapid and fresh. Novel after novel appears and never a sign that they are task work and drudgery. The freshness wells from the perennial spring of amiability in his heart. That is certainly responsible, too, for his division of his world so deci-

sively into good and bad. If some of his personages seem to inhabit both halves, like Mr. Rupert Granton and Captain Raven in this story, it is really not so. Their good feelings and good actions are altogether beyond the average, their shadier life nothing but a picturesque dark back-ground, against which their goodness shines like a star. Mr. McCarthy's heroes and heroines walk here in familiar scenes, St. James' and Chelsea, and very proudly does he describe one and very lovingly the other. But some of his personages have been in wilder lands, in the South African diamond fields, where a strange partnership was entered into. One cannot fully describe it without unfairly revealing the plot of a very readable story. Suffice it to say, that the heirs to a large fortune who have had little or no connection with each other before, come together in fairy-tale-like fashion, and that they are a young journalist, Fidelia, a noble-minded young lady, a roving scion of the aristocracy, and the professor of fencing to the aforesaid Fidelia, who is also the villain of the piece, and who plots to clear off all the heirs save himself and the lady. The details of the plot are a little incredible, but at least you read on with real interest to the satisfactory point when the villain's head is covered by the waters of the Thames. Mr. McCarthy wishes so strongly and so wholesomely that the good shall triumph, that he would carry the veriest cynic with him. But there is one thing hard to forgive. After having invented the terrible name of Culture College for Lady Scarsdale's institution, Mr. McCarthy was bound by all the conventions of his line of art, which he so generally respects, to make fun of it. Yet he treats with the utmost solemnity what, on this side of the Atlantic, was bound to be a joke.

THE WAY THEY LOVED AT GRIMPAT. Village Idylls. By E. Rentoul Esler. (Sampson Low.)

They loved mostly in a pleasing manner at Grimpat, at least the Grimpat love stories are pleasant to read, and on the whole very cheerful. Mrs. Esler has not been bitten by the modern habit—for it is as much a habit as any real conviction of art or life—of showing humble life steeped in tragic suffering and sin. Her heroines, Kitty, Eunice, Linnet, Bessie, and the others, have their troubles, but they don't succumb before them, and they love in so decent and becoming a fashion as to win all our respect and sometimes our sympathy. The stories are far above the average in style and in knowledge of character, while "Kitty," "Good-for-Nothing," and "Bessie," deserve special mention for their pathetic and striking pictures of village life.

TWO OFFENDERS. By Ouida. (Chatto and Windus.)

Away from subjects that suggest upholstery and millinery and unwholesome sentiment, Ouida is a very striking writer indeed. She is at her best in the two stories in 'Two Offenders.' The offender in 'An Ingrate' is Pierre Roscoff, a painter of genius, who lost his right hand while serving as a volunteer in the war, and who would not beg or whine when his occupation was gone, and he and his little grandson were left to starve. Years after, a persistent journalist takes the boy out of the misery, but the price for saving his life and educating him is Roscoff's entrance into the Maison Mont Parnasse, a refuge for decayed literary and artistic geniuses. The refuge, with its admirable arrangements and very numerous rules, may be an exaggeration, but, a'as! it is so much like a good many institutions of stupid, well-meaning humanity, that no feeling of incredulity hinders our sympathy with the Bohemian, victim of a cruel contract, who loses all in life that is dear to him—his child, his dog, and his liberty. He was, of course, an impossible inmate. "It is absolutely necessary that the rules of this establishment should be observed by all; we can make no exception!" says the manager. "Of course, you cannot," says Roscoff, "but need you make any rules?" The manager stared. The painter's life, his benevolent imprisonment, his sorrows, and death, are told with much simplicity, and the sentiment is never tawdry. The other story, 'An Assassin,' is an Italian peasant tragedy. The long patience of years was overturned in a moment by the insolence of long sin, but when the much-suffering Abbondio plunges the knife into Celso's heart we feel that there is not more but less crime in the living world. The stories are swiftly and vigorously told, and both of them will possess their readers' sympathy.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE MAKING OF A NOVELIST. By David Christie Murray. (Chatto and Windus.)

It was not school, Mr. Christie Murray thinks, nor books, nor the talk of literary and cultivated circles, that had most to do with making him a novelist. It was looking the world outside books in the face, seeking fortune under various guises as journalist, soldier, tramp, and actor, that gave him the experiences and the knowledge of character and motive he has utilised in his stories. It is, therefore, very much more to the point, he thinks, to talk of his reporting feats in the Black Country, his tramps along English roads in search of workhouse hospitality while playing the amateur casual, his fortunes as a player in the colonies and on the London boards, than to relate how this publisher was surly and that one rapacious, how the public was now capriciously sympathetic and now without reason neglectful. He has not even connected all his adventures with the stories which were made out of them. His experiment in autobiography is a success. It is a real refreshment to think of the man of letters occasionally as a healthy, vigorous, open-air kind of being, with none of the sickliness of the study and the lamp about him. An interesting point about Mr. Murray's life is the fascination which the stage has for him. This has many parallels. Writers, actors, painters, are often attracted more by other arts than the one to which they are called. More than that, they learn as much from other arts as they do from their own. The limitations of the writing craft, for instance, as well as its wide boundaries, you can best learn if you have some knowledge of another mode of expression. However, perhaps ambition rather than mere interest and curiosity accounts for Mr. Murray's fascination. "There is no art so difficult—granted; but there is none so enchanting, so inspiring. Night after night for a whole week, bar Saturday, when Nature took a late revenge, I left a sick-room at Newcastle-on-Tyne; and every ache and pain fell away, and the sick treble changed to a healthy baritone, and manly strength came to pluck the haling pace of the invalid to marching time, and a feebly intermittent pulse grew full and calm at the splendid, all-compelling influence of the stage."

If Mr. Murray sets, or revives, a fashion in autobiography, the description of the outer as well as the inner man, many will be grateful for so wholesome a variation.

LONDON VOLUNTARIES, the Song of the Sword, and other Verses. By W. E. Henley. Second Edition. (Nutt.)

This is virtually the volume published in 1892 under the name of 'The Song of the Sword,' with one notable addition, "The Arabian Night's Entertainments," and a slight rearrangement of the Rhymes and Rhythms. It was a just instinct that made Mr. Henley give the 'London Voluntaries' the place of honour. The new inmate is a worthy one, and has the grip and the picturesqueness which are Mr. Henley's sure possessions. It is a sensitive and poetical reflection of childhood's delight in Eastern romance.

> "Thus cried, thus called aloud, to the child-heart
> The magian East: thus the child-eyes
> Spelled out the wizard message by the light
> Of the sober workaday hours
> They saw, week in week out, pass, and still pass
> In the sleepy Minster City folded kind
> In ancient Severn's arm."

No fairer picture will anywhere be found of a child's everyday life being warmed and transfigured by imagination:—

> "The Angel-Playmate, raining down
> His golden influences
> On all I saw, and all I dreamed and did,
> Walked with me arm and arm,
> Or left me, as one bedaubed with straws
> And bits of glass, to gladden at my heart
> Who had the gift to seek, and feel, and find
> His fiery-hearted presence everywhere."

POEMS AND LYRICS. By W. J. Dawson. (Macmillan.)

The poetic impulse is strong in Mr. Dawson's verse. You feel it throbbing even where you do not willingly acknowledge the power of the expression. You feel it in

the frequent laments throughout his volume that he is so pen and tongue-tied and cannot free what is within him.

"Songs I have made that I keep,
Sweeter than love or sleep;
But another there is more deep,
That I never can bind in my sheaf;
It aches in my heart like a grief,
And is sweeter and better."

And it is not a vain, mocking impulse, urging to expression one who has nothing to express. Mr. Dawson's verse is full of matter, the hopes for the future, the romance of the past, human aspiration, the genuine praise of art and love. And though he has not attained to perfect lyrical expression, and he has a way of sustaining his flights for three or four lines by spontaneous words born of real poetic impulse, and then falling, dragged down by some mere conventional phrases, yet his poems are unusually interesting and sympathetic.

In "To the Friendly Night" he reaches his best:

"Not in the dawn but the dark
The heavens lie open and bare
With their cressets of infinite fire.

When we go with brows bent in despair,
With hearts that are sick with desire,
Under the midnight's arc,
Then Heaven's all eyes for us. . . .
. . . . . .

Wherefore we hail thee, O night,
We who suffer and weep.
We of the sorrowful face,

We who remember life's sweet
Long draught, and who taste no more
The lust and delight of the earth."

BOOK-SONG. An Anthology of Poems and Bookmen from Modern Authors. Edited by Gleeson White. Book Lovers' Library. (E. Stock.)

THE POETS' PRAISE. From Homer to Swinburne. Edited by E. Davenport Adams. (E. Stock.)

Mrs. Davenport Adams' 'Poets' Praise' is homage of a graceful kind. It must have been a pleasant task to repay a little of the life-long delight which poets give by gathering the praises they have called up to their brethren's lips. Her selection makes a bulky, too bulky, volume, but we wish little of it away. For, certainly, the most cheerful reading one can meet with in connection with a not too cheerful race is that which records their one unfailing joy of sympathy with their art and gratitude to those who lived for it before them. They are all here nearly; from Homer and Catullus to Ibsen and Henley does the praise extend. Only the most modern are left out, and Mr. Yeats and Mr. Gale will no doubt have their meed in the second edition.

Among many exquisite lines of gratitude and appreciation, there are some of extravagant and irrelevant flattery. But, save with a few of the moderns, there is little to carp at in Mrs. Adams' selection. Homer and Virgil have inspired some of the loftiest praise, Shakespeare the heartiest, and perhaps Keats the sweetest. The book, though you will keep it long in your hands, is, however, destined, and probably meant, to find a place on the reference shelf. How many an elegant writer in a hurry will bless the compiler for suggesting so aptly the lines that will adorn the prose of his leader or review!

The other anthology has a narrower field, but its selections have been made in a less exclusive spirit. The real poetry that the possession of books has inspired is small in quantity, and much of it is in the older poets. But Mr. Roberts' forthcoming collection will deal with these, and Mr. Gleeson White has been left to make what he could of the very modern ones. It is marvellous how he has gathered so much that is good; but he has indeed compiled his book in a very tolerant mood. His point of view is, however, a justifiable one; the verses should be judged on this occasion, at least, rather with regard to the interest of their subject, and a sincere effusion on what lies near the writer's heart, even if it be poor verse, has to the book-lover a value. Yet without being intolerant, one would like to throw out of a charming, dainty volume about a score of things whose triviality or weak jocularity must be rather offensive to their neighbours. For the rest, when they are not first-rate—the editor makes no claim for that—they are pleasant reading. The hunting of books is a wild and savage sport; the love of them has terribly jealous moments and ostentatious moods; the collector is a prey to envy, malice, and all uncharitableness. But when the inside of the book is out, so to speak, when the lover possesses the heart as well as the body of his treasure, the love is so full of a deep delight and companionship, that it is no wonder it has inspired poets great and small. When they speak of their love they are often impelled by a grave modesty, too, sufficiently rare.

"Have you loved the good books of the world,—
And written none?
Have you loved the great poet,—
And burnt your little rhyme?
'O be my friend, and teach me to be thine.'"

So says Mr. Le Gallienne.

POEMS. By Florence Peacock. 3s. 6d. (Andrews, Hull.)

Miss Peacock's verses have a remarkable motto standing on their title-page—"Every word of which I understand." It is a boast that only certain poets would care to express, for there is much in poetry the truth of which may be felt but can hardly altogether be understood. But, alas, this liberty to be beyond the reach of articulate thought is sadly abused by minor poets, and when one of them makes good her claim to be clear and coherent it is a matter of real congratulation. Miss Peacock sings with a sweet seriousness—in "Holger the Dane" with a fine vigour, too. But the verses I turned back to at the end of the book were those on "Lost Atlantis":—

"Lost Atlantis sleeping lies
Far away 'mid sunny skies,
And the sea is ever blue;
Naught is old, and naught is new."

PAGAN PAPERS. By Kenneth Grahame. (Mathews and Lane.)

If it be granted that a man's words need not be altogether new to be amusing, Mr. Grahame's essays are very amusing indeed. Reminiscences of Hazlitt, of Mr. Stevenson, and some others flit through the pages—perhaps there is occasionally also a conscious travesty of Montaigne—but these are delightful persons to be reminded of. And if Mr. Grahame does speak somewhat in their tones, perhaps he is the better company, for he never parodies them; he has only caught something of their accent. He is a loafer, on paper at least, and proud of it—the pride in honest toil is nothing to the pride in the capacity for loafing, and there is sense in this, for one is a much rarer gift than the other. He loafs very elegantly through the pages, discoursing fitfully on roads that have sung to him as he tramped them, on the sky, on the lost land of Bohemia, and on memories, mostly humorous and tragical, of childhood. Mr. Grahame has humour and brevity, and an ear for the rhythm of prose. Better than all, he has a belief in the joy of life. The title-page of the book is a nicely composed piece of ugliness.

THE CITIZEN: His Rights and Responsibilities. By Oscar Browning. (Blackie.)

The syllabus of the new Continuation-School Code has called forth a number of manuals intended to inform the young citizen respecting his rights and responsibilities, how they have both grown, and how they must, respectively, be maintained and fulfilled. Of all the text-books already published on the subject this one seems to be the most practical. It is adapted to the understanding and education of students from elementary schools, yet it is complete enough to serve the purpose of any average citizen in want of an explanation of his responsibilities, or of an incitement to exercise his privileges. Though written by a University lecturer in history, it speaks in the practical tones of a man who knows political life at close quarters. The chapters on "The Working of the Parliamentary Machine" and on "The Industrial and Social Duties of the Citizen" seem specially good.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. By Claude Phillips. (Seeley).

A convenient and most intelligent book is this study of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Something of the kind was wanted, for many of the biographies are out of date: at least, their criticism stands in need of revision. Mr. Phillips, besides summarising the biographical works of Leslie and Taylor and Northcote, proves himself a vigorous, sympathetic, and independent critic of both Reynolds' practice and theories. A saner, fairer account of his work in

English art and in art criticism would be impossible to find. Reynolds, too, as a social being, his sitters, and his circle of friends, are described with the sure touch of one who has lived in the times and things he speaks about. The new illustrations are all famous ones; the portrait of Reynolds himself, of Fox, Lady Burney and Lady Strangways, Angelica Kauffmann, Sir Joseph Banks, Cupid as a Link Boy, the Viscountess Crosbie, Master Bunbury, Lady Catherine Pelham Clinton, and Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse. They are excellently reproduced, and apart from the letterpress, should attract purchasers.

RAYMOND'S FOLLY. The Story of an Experiment in Utopia. By B. Paul Neuman. 5s. (Unwin.)

Mr. Neuman has already shown his talents as a writer of fiction in a volume of stories called 'The Interpreter's House,' which were marked by an unusually broad and generous tone. 'Raymond's Folly' is not a novel, but a story founded on fact, and addressed chiefly to those interested in social work among young persons. Reformation and development by the agency of clubs, which means companionship under good influences, amusement, physical and mental exercise, and a sense that the world is not altogether a lonely place, is one of the most hopeful of modern experiments, and Mr. Neuman's tale of how his friend Raymond made such an experiment, and how the boys fared under it, is given with so much detail and so little vagueness, that teachers and workers among the poor of large cities will find it more suggestive than any other book or paper on the subject.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

REGULATIONS FOR YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

1. *All MSS. must bear the real name and address of the writer, and also initials or* nom de plume *for designation in* THE BOOKMAN. (*An infringement of this regulation is the frequent cause of the delay in noticing MSS. that are sent.*)

2. *Should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.*

3. *MSS. received on or before the 15th of the month will be noticed if possible, in the next number.*

4. *Not more than one contribution may be sent by any one contributor in one month.*

5. *The terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application to the*

Editor of the Young Author's Page,
'Bookman' Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London,

to whom all MSS. must be addressed.

The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

ACTÆON.—Intelligent and sound on the whole. A little too wordy, and perhaps there is not much promise of style in it. But there is no reason why you should not realise your ambition. Try for a local connection first.

A. C.—Very interesting. It is the kind of subject that editors of magazines for elder girls often welcome. Any magazine for youth, I should say. The ordinary magazine editor looks very shy at such papers, unless from well-known writers. And the fact of there being two papers is against their chance of acceptance by most magazines.

A. C.—Fair verse. Look again at line 2, verse 2.

A. C. D.—Fairly well written, but not worth much as a story. Seeing that it is so highly improbable and absurd, your course should have been to make it really comic. The tone is too serious for the incidents.

ADAM MACADAM.—Not nearly so good as your prose. The metre and the rhyme are both faulty, *e.g.*, "broad tartans" and "strong clans" won't agree to rhyme, however much persuasion you use. The sentiment of the first, too, is a little trite.

A. W. H.—Very pretty. Quite good enough to offer to an editor. But, first, you might reconsider verses 3 and 6. No. 3 is a little clumsy and out of tone with the others, and No. 6 is inconclusive, and rather irrelevant.

COMPASSION.—Trivial and not graceful. Don't try to print it.

ELISE.—Pathetic. Quite worth while sending to a story magazine.

EXCELSIOR.—A serious and carefully-written paper. If you are prepared for much preliminary rejection, there is no reason why, with practice, you should not realise your ambition. I should advise beginning with newspapers. Some passages in the essay show your hand is uncertain yet. There is a faulty "or" on p. 5, a queer sentence on p. 7, "His wife," etc. "Splendid conversationalist" is bad, and so is the whole of the vague and wordy sentence in which it occurs. "Tender poetic genius of the age" is either an inadequate or unsuitable description of Wordsworth. And what do you mean by refreshing, enervating Elizabethan influence"? I think your criticism is not very sound, rating the poetry so high and the prose so low as you do—but that is a matter of opinion.

F. HARTE.—It has a fair chance of acceptance? Not very probable, is it? But that kind of accident has been rather popular of late. The style is not very good, but it would pass, and you might have success as a writer of stories. Send it to a distinctly popular magazine.

GAX.—You might send the paper to a magazine for youthful readers. You are on far safer ground here than when writing verse. Good and popular scientific writing, showing the beauty and meaning of common things, is not half so abundant as it might be. Since you have leisure, why not write a little botanical book for young persons, exact but not too technical—an out-of-school book, or readable popular chapters on some particular section of botany. Or you might limit yourself to your local flora—there is a good field near you—and trust to a local circulation.

H. I. J.—Fair. It is worth while your going on. You need practice, evidently, but you make no glaring mistakes.

H. S. J.—Might be made into a pretty story for children. Keep the idea by you till you have had a good deal more practice in writing. At present you do not know what a sentence means. Was the "old schoolfellows" touch necessary? I think it spoils the story.

J. D. C.—The sense is good, but the verse very jingling.

JEAN ACHINDACHY.—Good. Send it, by preference, to a Scotch paper or magazine. A little knowledge of dialect, or of ballad Scotch, would have stood you in good stead.

J. H. E.—A strange story, and told with commendable brevity. The words of the traveller are a trifle ponderous, but you have evidently some gift for popular story-telling.

J. S.—Hardly a subject for comic opera, and yet, except that the jokes are wanting, it reads like that more than anything else. I don't advise you to write, but if it be an amusement, try a lighter theme.

WILLIAM KEY.—It has very good points—the sentiments and the dialect. The style of the narrative part is commonplace enough. It would have a fair chance of being accepted.

KISMET.—The story has very good points, but is a little monotonous. Still it is worth printing.

LARRY.—The doubts and difficulties were probably very sincere, and had their own dignity. They lost it, however, when you put them into such verse. Try the effect of reading it to some friend who has a sense of humour, and yet who is kindly enough not to wish to share his enjoyment of the poem with a third and unsympathetic person.

MARIE NEAL.—I think the story would have some chance of being accepted by a publisher, for the sake of its motive. I cannot call it very probable, judging from what I have seen of it, but Helen's strange, and what I call improbable, adventures may add to the "awful warning." Be careful in the selection of the publishers you offer it to—those whose books have a religious bias are the most likely.

M. G. P.—The subject is, as you say, a little "remote," but your treatment of it is poetical, and, at least, you may offer it about to editors who accept verse, convinced that you are not offering rubbish. And that is all the assurance you can hope to have until you have made your name.

NORMA.—It should have a great deal of revision before an editor sees it, else he would dismiss it at once as illiterate. There is something in the story, so it is worth while making an attempt at revision. The style is too formal and ponderous. The spelling is unusually bad, and so is the French, which is also unnecessary. It might have a chance of insertion in a local newspaper.

PSALM.—It is not all poetry, sometimes only elevated langage, but it is distinctly promising. You are apt to use, especially in the blank verse, words and phrases that are clumsy—"servilism," for instance. "Void of their ductile volubilities. . . . Succinct in strenuous taciturnity"!! In the lyrical part, I think your refrain is a mistake; at least, you should vary it sometimes, using other titles more in harmony with the context.

T. K.—Very promising indeed in many ways, but it is more suitable for reading at an essay society than anything else. It would raise many interesting points for discussion. The intelligence and cultivation which is so evident in it make your success only a matter of time. But this particular paper is not, in its present condition, suitable for publication. The comparison between the arts wants a good deal of revision. P. 19, "It is an axiom," etc. This is not a universally accepted theory—see Diderot's 'Paradoxe sur le comédien.' Pp. 17 and 26, you use weak illustrations. P. 27, "It would be difficult," etc.—a poor compliment. His music was surely warmer and wider than "English ritual." P. 17, "For just as symphony," etc.—much too cocksure. On p. 29 there is bad criticism. You ignore the imaginative part in opera. The whole paper is faulty, but very interesting.

TRANBY CROFT.—When you have lived longer in what, in spite of your description, I know to be interesting surroundings, you will doubtless have something to tell better worth reading. Seeing that you had no room to speak of the manner of your life, the real object of the houses, the opportunities given for self-cultivation, and so on was it not rather a mistake to devote so much space to the cats of the neighbourhood? You might practise writing in order to become a fair letter-writer, but it would be wrong to encourage any literary ambitions.

TOUCH.—Highly interesting, and, with the photographs, it should have a good chance of being accepted.

UTOPIA.—Rather long, but good practice. The criticism is intelligent, and there is nothing at all surprising in your ambition. I think you should select some shorter samples of criticism when you apply for work on a paper.

VERLA.—The story, which might be a good one, is spoiled by mawkishness. And it would not do to send to an editor. Spelling, composition, and general style are bad. The whole manuscript has an illiterate look.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

A B C Texts and Sermonettes for Little Children..Mackinley, Glasgow
[*Under the various letters of the alphabet are arranged texts and comments on them, simple and to the point, only a few lines long. The little book is prettily got up.*]

BERGER, J. S.—Lux Diurna, Light for the Day gathered from Holy Scripture, etc., 4/6 .....Hodder

BROWN, J. W.—Some Recent Contributions to the Unitarian Pulpit, 3/6 .....Sutton

COX, Dr. S.—The Hebrew Twins, 6/-.....Unwin
[*Commentaries on the life and character of Jacob and Esau. The volume contains an interesting memoir of the writer by his widow, and a portrait.*]

CUYLER, T. L.—Christianity in the Home, 3/6 Hodder and Stoughton

DAVIES, Rev. J. P.—The Comfortable Season of Lent, Sermons, 3/6

ELLICOTT, C. J.—Foundations of Sacred Study, 2/-.....S.P.C.K.

FAIRBAIRN, A. M.—Religion in History and in Modern Life, 3 6 Hodder

Foreign Missions and Home Calls, 1/-.....E. Stock
[*An appeal for aid to Foreign Missions, on the ground that their work and support will not be antagonistic to the success of those at home, dedicated to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and with an introductory letter by Dr. Westcott.*]

FREE, R. W.—Church and Dissent, Sunday Evening Lectures, 2/6 Stock

FRY, J. H.—The "Excepts" of Chris', or the Conditions of Salvation, 2/- .....Skeffington

GUMLICH, G. A.—Christian Creeds and Confessions, translated by L. A. Wheatley, 3/6.....F. Norgate

GEIKIE, C.—The Bible by Modern Light, vol. 2, 6/-.....Nisbet

HALSEY, J.—Beauty of the Lord, and other Sermons, 5/-....J. Clarke

Jesus Christ in the Talmud. etc., Texts and Translations by Rev. Dr. G. Dalman, Essay by H. Laible, 5/-.....Bell

Kempis's Imitation of Christ, Facsimile Reproduction of First Edition, Introduction by Canon Little, 31/6 ..... Stock

KIRTON, J. W.—The Christian Growth, 3/6.....Ward and Lock

KNIGHT, W.—The Christian Ethic, 3/6..... Murray

LITTING, Rev. G.—Consider your Ways, Twenty-one Brief Sermons, 3/6 .....Skeffington

LUMBY, Rev. J. R.—Epistles of St. Peter (Expositor's Bible), 7/6 Hodder & Stoughton

Master's Guide, The, for His Disciples, with Preface by E. Stock, 3/6 Stock

MAITLAND, E.—The Story of the New Gospel of Interpretation Lamley
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[*Mr. Jacobi is an authority on his subject, and this paper, read before the Bibliographical Society, is admirable. It is not vague; it grips hold of the subject, and even in its few brief pages it forces you to understand many of the technicalities of the art. The pamphlet is, besides, a beautiful specimen of printing.*]

JULIAN, F.—Original Readings for Entertainments, 2/- net ..Simpkin

LEE, F. G.—Sights and Shadows, being Examples of the Supernatural, 6/- .....W. H. Allen

LILLIE, A.—Modern Mystics and Modern Magic, 6/-....Sonnenschein

MACKINLAY, J. A.—Folklore of Scottish Lochs and Springs Hodge, Glasgow

MALORY, Sir T.—Birth, Life, and Acts of King Arthur. Introduction by Professor Rhys, 2 vols., 35/- net .....Dent

MABIE, H. W.—Under the Trees and Elsewhere, 3/6 net.....Dent

MASON, J.—Principles of Chess in Theory and Practice, 2/6 ..H. Cox

MUSKETT, P. E.—The Art of Living in Australia Eyre & Spottiswoode

[*Sound and practical advice on health, diet, and habits addressed to Australians. But much of the advice is good for any country whatsoever, and the large number of Australian recipes will at least be welcomed by English housekeepers.*]

Nature Aphorisms of Goethe, reported and arranged by G. C. Tobler, done into English by Bailey Saunders .....Macmillan

[*Reprinted in a dainty and convenient form from Mr. Bailey Saunders' excellent translation of Goethe's Maxims and Reflections.*]

National Temperance League's Annual, 1894, 1/- N.T.L. Publication Depot

[*There is a mine of information for speakers and inquirers on the temperance question and on temperance organisations in this annual. The general articles, too, for example, Rev. Mr. Horsley on the Criminal Statistics of the United Kingdom, and Mr. T. Marchant Williams on the Educational Aspects of Temperance, are of wide interest.*]

NYE'S Popular Illustrated Church Annual, 1/- .....Griffith & Farran

[*A well compiled annual, full of interest to Churchmen.*]

Our Daily Fare and How to Provide it. A guide to procuring good living at the smallest cost for all seasons of the year, 1/-Ward, Lock

[*Really practical. Will be found of great use by all who have to keep house on a narrow income. Weekly bills of fare (town and country), nearly 200 recipes, a guide to marketing, are among the interesting items of this excellently planned little book.*]

POULSSON, E.—In the Child's World, Morning Talks and Stories for Kindergarten, 6/- .....Bacon

POWELL, A.—These Little Ones, a Book for Parents, 2/6 A. Heywood

RAM, Mrs. A.—The Little Sisters of the Poor, 6/- .....Longmans

School Calendar, The, 1894. Edited by F. Storr.....Whittaker

[*Necessary to all headmasters and mistresses, and of great interest to parents. It contains accurate information about examinations, scholarships, exhibitions, and cost of living at the various schools and colleges. A most praiseworthy undertaking.*]

SCHUTZ, WILSON H.—'Tis Sixty Years Since, 1/6 .....K. Paul

[*Tennyson's later 'Locksley Hall' is made the text for an attack on modern democratic opinions and conduct. The attack is vigorous, but it was hardly worth making a book of. An article in a party newspaper would have been a fitter form for the matter to take.*]

Secondary Education in England, Report of a Conference on, 1/- Clarendon Press

[*A wide circulation of this report, containing the addresses of persons of wide experience, would do much to spread intelligent and liberal ideas of education. It is more readable than most reports, and touches on subjects of pressing interest.*]

SMITH, G.—Essays on Questions of the Day, 9/-.....Macmillan

SMITH, A.—Short Papers, chiefly on South African Subjects, 3/- Simpkin

Story Album of Animals, The, 3/6 .....W. Gardner

THOMPSON, F. D.—In the Track of the Sun, Readings from the Diary of a Globe Trotter, 25/- .....Heinemann

TUTT, J. W.—Random Recollections of Woodland, Fen, and Hill, 2/6 Sonnenschein

Year Book of the Episcopal Church in Scotland, 1894, 1/6 ....Masters

[*The past and present history of the Church can be clearly traced in this year-book. The arrangement is systematic, and the information is ample. There are some useful maps of the various dioceses.*]

YEATMAN, E. F. E.—Tales for Sunday, from Advent to Trinity, 2/6 Masters

NEW EDITION.

COMBE, G.—Discussions on Education.....Cassell

[*None of Combe's writings are of such practical value to-day as those that embody his views on education, which are sane, liberal, and suggestive.*]

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between Dec. 15th, 1893, and Jan. 15th, 1894:—

LONDON, E.C.

1. Tools for Teachers. Moodie. 5s. (Stock.)
2. The Master's Guide for His Disciples. 3s. 6d. (Stock.)
3. Catholic Religion. 9d. net. (Mowbray.)
4. The Burning Bush. Bishop of Ripon. 3s. 6d. (Low.)
5. The Refugees. Conan Doyle. 6s. (Longmans.)
6. True Story Book. Lang. 6s. (Longmans.)

BIRMINGHAM.

1. Dean Stanley's Life. 2 vols.
2. Sir R. Ball: The Story of the Sun.
3. Professor Bonney: The Story of our Planet.
4. Sarah Grand: The Heavenly Twins.
5. Professor Sayce: The Higher Criticism.
6. Sir R. Ball: In the High Heavens.

MANCHESTER.

1. Heavenly Twins. 6s.
2. Roby's Traditions of Lancashire.
3. Bradford's Pilgrim in Old England.
4. Stevenson's Catriona.
5. Barrie's Books.

LIVERPOOL.

1. Whymper's Scrambles. £2 12s. 6d. net.
2. Dodo. 6s.
3. Ball's Story of the Sun. 21s. (Cassell.)
4. Ball's In the High Heavens. 7s. 6d. (Isbister.)
5. Our Village. Illus. by Hugh Thomson. 6s. (Macmillan.)
6. Sherlock Holmes' Memoirs. 6s. (Newnes.)

BRADFORD.

1. The Religion of a Literary Man. Le Gallienne. 3s. 6d. net. (Mathews & Lane.)
2. Ships that Pass in the Night. Harrad n. 3s. 6d. (Lawrence & Bullen.)
3. Dodo. Benson. 6s.
4. The Brontës in Ireland. Wright. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This book has had a splendid sale in Bradford, a great deal of interest being aroused in it by the formation of a Brontë Society and Museum in the district.

5. Book of Thoughts. Edited by M. B. Curry. 6s. (Unwin.)
6. A Bitter Debt. Swan. 5s. (Oliphant.)

Juvenile Books.

1. The One I Knew Best of All. Burnet. 6s.
2. Mary. Molesworth. 4s. 6d.
3. Henty's Works.

The sale of large books and works in sets has been very small compared with former years.

The publishers of Mrs. Swan's 'Bitter Debt,' mentioned in this list last month, were given as Messrs. Oliphant. It should have been Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.

SUNDERLAND.

1. Life of Dean Stanley. 2 vols. (Murray.)
2. Burnett's The One I Knew Best. (Warne.)
3. Staley's Catholic Church. (Mowbray.)
4. Adventures of Sherlock Holmes. Vol. 2. (Newnes.)
5. Molesworth's Mary. (Macmillan.)
6. Hancock's Poems and Prose Idylls. (Mawson & Swan.)

BURNLEY.

1. A Noble Sacrifice. By Grace Harding. 5s (Walter Scott.)
2. Dodo. By Benson. 6s. (Methuen.)
3. Humorous Poems. Tom Hood. 6s. Illustrated by Brock. (Macmillan.)
4. Hazell's Annual, 1894. 3s. 6d. (Hodder.)
5. Ishmael Pengelly. By Rev. Joseph Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock & Co.)
6. Ball's Story of the Sun. 21s. (Cassell.)

NOTTINGHAM.

1. Dodo. 6s. Benson.
2. Ships that Pass. 3s. 6d. Harraden.
3. From Moor Isles. 6s. Fothergill.
4. Catriona. 6s. Stevenson.
5. Mona Maclean. 6s.
6. Whitaker's Almanack.

MIDDLESBROUGH.

1. Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes. By Conan Doyle.
2. Our Village. By Mitford.
3. Heavenly Twins. Sarah Grand.
4. Ruskin's Works. Various prices.
5. Cloister and the Hearth. By Charles Reade.

SCARBOROUGH.

1. Dean Stanley's Life.
2. Dale's Round the World by Doctor's Orders.
3. Sanday's Bampton Lectures on Inspiration.
4. Furneaux's Out-door World.
5. Max Pemberton's The Iron Pirate.
6. Mitford's Our Village. Illustrated by Thomson.

TAUNTON.

1. Proverbs in Porcelain.
2. Stevenson's Catriona.
3. Rawle's Annals of Exmoor Forest
4. Whitaker's Almanack.
5. Castle's Book Plates.
6. Sylvie and Bruno, concluded.

EDINBURGH.

1. Andrew A. Bonar, D.D. Diary and Letters. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
2. Life and Correspondence of Arthur P. Stanley, D.D., late Dean of Westminster. 2 vols. 32s. (John Murray.)
3. In the High Heavens. By Sir Robert S. Ball, LL.D. 7s. 6d. (Isbister & Co.)
4. The Key of the Grave. By W. Robertson Nicoll. 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
5. For Heart and Life. Twenty Sermons. By Rev. J. A. Ker Bain. 5s. (Macniven & Wallace.)
6. Life and Times of the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, M.P. 2 vols. 25s. (W. Blackwood & Sons.)

GLASGOW.

1. Dr. Andrew Bonar's Diary. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
2. Mackay, Ruthquist. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
3. Life of Dean Stanley. 2 vols. 32s. (Murray.)
4. Story of the China Inland Mission. Vol. 1. 3s. 6d. (Morgan & Scott.)
5. Stevenson's Catriona. 6s. (Cassell.)
6. Khama, the African Chief. 2s. (Kegan Paul.)

ABERDEEN.

1. Border Edition Waverley Novels. Quentin Durward. 2 vols. 12s.
2. Davidson (Dr. W. L.). Theism as Grounded in Human Nature. 15s.
3. Doyle (Conan). Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes. 2nd series. 6s.
4. Biblical and Shakespearian Characters Contrasted. By Rev. James Bell. 3s. 6d.
5. Verses. By Christina Rossetti. 3s. 6d.

DUMFRIES.

1. Castles of the Lothians. With Etchings by J. Munro Bell. 21s.
2. Nithsdale. With Photogravures by Paterson. 42s.
3. Souvenir of Scotland. 7s. 6d. (Nelson.)
4. Ruskin's Selections.
5. Benson's Dodo. 6s.
6. Sarah Grand's Heavenly Twins.

The sale of J. M. Barrie's books has in no way diminished. The illustrated edition of 'Little Minister' is a special favourite. Clark Russell's, Hardy's, Black's, and Blackmore's novels, 2s. 6d. editions, are having a large sale.

DUBLIN (1).

1. Bog of Stars. Standish O'Grady. 1s. and 2s. (Unwin.)
2. Irish Ideas. Wm. O'Brien, M.P. 2s. 6d. (Longmans.)
3. Story of Ireland. Standish O'Grady. 2s. 6d. (Methuen.)
4. Mivart's Elements of Science. 6s. (Osgood.)
5. Seventy Years of Irish Life. Le Fanu. 16s. (E. Arnold.)
6. Dodo. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Methuen.)

DUBLIN (2).

1. Le Fanu's Recollections.
2. Mitford's Our Village.
3. Brontës in Ireland.
4. Mitchell's Indian Mutiny.
5. Barlow's Irish Idylls.
6. Knight's Where Three Empires Meet.

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TRADE NOTES.

EXETER.

A new edition of the best account of Dartmoor, 'Rowe's Perambulation,' is in preparation; the book is practically re-written and will be edited by Mr. J. Brooking Rowe. It is intended to issue a few large paper copies for subscribers.

LIVERPOOL.

Mr. Jesse Jaggard, the Liverpool bookseller, has just issued the first number of a new weekly for bookmen, published at one penny, circulating among bookbuyers, booksellers old and new, British and foreign, public libraries, and others. Its chief object is to obtain and dispose of second-hand books, and from its attractive appearance will no doubt soon become popular with all interested in its purpose.

DUBLIN.

The past month was remarkable for the continued interest in books relating to Ireland. The success of the second volume of the New Irish Library (Unwin) was especially noticeable. 'The Bog of Stars' sold fairly well, in spite of very adverse criticisms in the Nationalist newspapers. It may be noticed that a much better class of books is being read in the country districts.

LEAMINGTON.

Our Leamington correspondent records the sale of six copies of 'Home and Haunts of Shakspere,' £15 15s.

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Aimard's Pearl of the Andes.
Aimard's Trail Hunter.
Aimard's Trappers of Arkanzas.
Harper's Rambles in Galloway.
Japp's Three Great Teachers.
Bayne's Lessons from my Masters.
Reid's Moorland Rhymes.
Dawson's Daily Life and Duty.

MESSRS. J. BAKER & SON, THE MALL, CLIFTON.

Life and Legend and Canonisation of St. John Nepomicten (Bell & Son).

MESSRS. BARNICOTT & PEARCE, TAUNTON.

Hutchins' Dorset.
Hugo's History of the Hospital of S. Margaret, Taunton.
Butler's Anatomy.
Houghton's Life and Letters of Keats (Moxon), 1867 or later.
Elworthy's Glossary of West Somerset Words.
Life of Andrew Crosse.

JAMES BELL, CARLTON STREET, NOTTINGHAM.

Priestley on Canals.
Anderson on Formation of Weirs.

A. BROWN, 15, BRISTO PLACE, EDINBURGH.

Abercromby on the Mind.
Dawkins' Early Man in Britain.
Adelaide Procter's Poems.
Jennings' Landscape Annual, 1835.
Stuart's Sculptured Stones of Scotland, vol. 1.
Arnot's History of Edinburgh.
Wallace, by Brunton.
Reid's Life of Napoleon.
Any books printed in Dunfermline, Scotland.
Walter Thornbury's Poems, illustrated by Pinwell.
Monkhoven's Optics.

F. BROWN, CARE OF HODDER & STOUGHTON, 27, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.

King Lear, Knight's Pictorial Shakespeare, National edn.
Macbeth " " "
Titus Andronicus " "
Poems, part I. " " "
Poems, part II. " " "
Index " " "
Magazine of Art, Aug, 1879; Oct., 1879; Aug., 1880; Sept. 1880; Oct, 1880; March, 1883.

MRS. BARWELL CARTER, ANCHORAGE, BERWICK-ON-TWEED.

The Universal Pronouncing Dictionary and General Expositor of the English Language compiled under the direction of Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A. T. and F. Tallis, London, Edinburgh, and Dublin. Division xv. to the end.

W. E. CLEGG, 30, MARKET PLACE, OLDHAM.

Pliny's Natural History, vols. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, Bohn's Library edn. preferred.
Quiver, parts May to Dec., 1891, and Jan., 1892.

JAMES G. COMMIN, EXETER.

De la Beche's Geology of Devon and Cornwall.
Lord Lilford's Birds of Great Britain.

J. E. CORNISH, 16, ST. ANN'S SQUARE, MANCHESTER.

Manchester Faces and Places, vol. 1.
Rossetti's Time Flies, 1st edition.
" Called to be Saints, 1st edition.
" Face of the Deep, 1st edition.
Masson's Milton's Poetical Works.
Brontë's Agnes Grey, 1847.
Bowman's Cotton Fibre.
Smedley's Frank Fairleigh, 8vo.
" Lewis Arundel, 8vo.
Fur and Feather Series, L.P.
Leaves of Grass, Osgood, 1881.
Garth's Dispensary, 5th edition.
Dawkins' Cave Hunting.

R. A. EVERETT, 67, GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

Tyerman's Wesley, vol. 2, 1871.
Chronicles of Crime, vol. 1, 1886.
Bridges' Poems, 1873.
Bridges' Nero (a play).
Brugsch Bey's Egypt, vol. 1.
Napoleon I., Works on.

M. H. GILL & SON, DUBLIN.

Autobiography of Hamilton Rowan, any edition.

JOHN GALWEY, 17, GARRICK STREET, LONDON, W.C.

Papers, Letters, etc., of William Pearson, 1863.
Mark Pattison's Life of Casaubon.
Mark Pattison's Memoirs.
Clarke's (J. Fernandez) Autobiography.
Hart's German Universities, New York.
Farr: The Medical Annual.

ALEXANDER GARDNER, PAISLEY.

Shirley Hibbert on Roses.
Smith's Horse Owners' Manual of Veterinary Hygiene, 1888.
Heavenly Twins, 1st edition.

WM. GEORGE'S SONS, BRISTOL.

Marshall: Genealogist's Guide, 1885.
Lyte: Dunster and its Lords.
Annual Register, 1842-62.

GOULDEN & NYE, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

Savonarola, S.P.C.K., second-hand.
Mrs. Oliphant's Makers of Venice, second-hand.
C. P. Italy and her Invaders, vol. 2, 1880, second-hand.
Taine's Florence and Venice, second hand, by Durand, New York, 1869.
Crowe and Caralcaselle's History of Painting in Italy, second-hand.
Crowe and Caralcaselle's Titian, second-hand.
Yriarte's Venice, second-hand.

JESSE JAGGARD, SHAKESPEARE HOUSE, LIVERPOOL, W.

Heraldry, by C. Boutell, 1863 or 1864.
Poems, by George Meredith (Parker & Son).
Lorna Doone, R. D. Blackmore, 3 vols., 1869.
My Ladies' Sonnets, small edition, clean.
Alice in Wonderland, before 1870, clean.
Comic Almanack, any save 1841, 1845, 1848.
Scott's Novels, first eds., rough edges, any.
Gardiner's History of England, 10 vols.
Freeman's Norman Conquest, 6 vols.
Froude's History of England, 12 vols.
Richard Le Gallienne's Works, any.
Street's Gothic Architecture in Spain.

LEEDS PUBLIC LIBRARY, REFERENCE DEPARTMENT.

Hutchinson's Durham, vol. 3.
Stanley's Congo, vol. 1, 8vo.
Berkeley's Upper Ten Thousand, vol. 1, 8vo.
Rollin's Ancient History, vol. 1 (10 vol. edn.)
Gibbon's Roman Empire, vol. 1.
Lanfrey's Napoleon I., vol. 1, 8vo.
Schweinfurth's South Africa, vol. 1, 8vo.
Chrystal's Health and Long Life.
Life of Charles Kingsley, vol. 1, 8vo.
Paez's Wild Scenes in South America.

MACNIVEN & WALLACE, 138, PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

Skelton's Maitland of Lethington, vol. 2.
Burckhardt's Cicerone, Guide to Painting in Italy.
Burckhardt's Civilisation of Renaissance in Italy.
Bookplate of Anna Jamieson, or Book with.

N. MASSEY, 84, PATRICK STREET, CORK, IRELAND.

Principia Latina, part 1.
Initia Græca, part 1.
Smith's Latin Dictionary.
Bradley's Arnold's Latin Prose.
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PARRY & CO., 20, MOUNT PLEASANT, LIVERPOOL.

Burns, edit. Alex. Smith, vol. 1, 1865.
Ewald: History of Israel, vols. 6-8.
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Butterflies and their Floral Homes, coloured.
Barrett: Synopsis of Criticism, vol. 1, part 2.
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Roscoe's Peregrine Pickle, vol. 1, cloth.
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Fairbairn's Crests, Text. vol. only.
Hallam's Literary History, vol. 2, 8vo, 1873.
Strickland's Letters Queen Mary, vol. 2, 1842.
Tennyson's Works, vols. 6, 7 (King), 1877.
Dodsley's Old Plays, vols. 2, 3, 1825.
Ruff's Turf, 1889-90 and 1892 (winter ed.)
Jackson (Lady): Old Paris, 2 vols.
Stevenson: Inland Voyage.
Stevenson: Child's Garden of Verses.
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Voysey's Defence at York.
Foundation of Death.
Broadus on the Constitution of a Sermon.
Olney Hymns, Cowper edition (J. Taylor).
Linton's Christ in the Old Testament.
Farrar's Life of Christ, vol. 1, 8vo, 16th edition.

MRS. REES PRICE, 163, BATH STREET, GLASGOW.

Dr. W. Lübke's Ecclesiastical Art in Germany during the Middle Ages, 5th edition, translated by L. A. Wheatley.

E. R. ROPER, 3, ST. NICHOLAS STREET, SCARBOROUGH.

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Salmon's Higher Plane Curves.
Westcott's St. John.
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Mind, a set, or part 25-64.
Contemporary Review, vol. 1-20, 1866-71.
Mullinger: Schoo's of Charles the Great.
Townsend: Great Schoolmen of Middle Ages.
Library Journal (New York), any vols.
Monthly Notes of Library Association, 4 vols.

THOMAS GEORGE STEVENSON, EDINBURGH.

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Wodrow's Analecta, vols. 1 and 2, 4to.
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Swinton's Family of Swinton, 4to.
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CHAS. THURNAM & SONS, CARLISLE.

Kinmont Willie, a Border Ballad.
Prescott's Statutes of Carlisle Cathedral.
Herring's Paper Making.
Bishop Rainbow's Sermon at Funeral of Countess of Pembroke.
Pears' Annual, 1891.

OCTAVUS TOMSON, 69, TRUMPINGTON STREET, CAMBRIDGE.

Gent's Magazine, Jan. to June, 1824.
Universal Instructor, part 1 (re-issue), Ward, Lock and Co.
Punch Almanack, 1891.
Trevelyan's Horace at the University of Athens.
Campbell's Analysis of Real Property.
Trollope's Vicar of Wrexhill, front. and pp. 1, 2.
Reed's Shakespeare, vol. 8, 1820.
Nicholas Nickleby, vol. 1, 1858.
Butt's Italy, vol. 1, 8vo, 1860.

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